With God In The Yellowstone

By ALMA WHITE

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Alma White

WITH GOD IN THE YELLOWSTONE

By

ALMA WHITE

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Looking Back from Beulah (in both English and German), *Gems of Life, Golden Sunbeams, Demons and Tongues, The Chosen People, My Trip to the Orient, The New Testament Church* (2 vols.), *The Titanic Tragedy—God Speaking to the Nations, Truth Stranger than Fiction, Why I do not Eat Meat, Restoration of Israel, the Hope of the World, The Story of My Life* (Vol. I); and Editor of the *Pillar of Fire*, the *Good Citizen*, the *Rocky Mountain Pillar of Fire*, the *London Pillar of Fire*, the *British Sentinel*, and the *Occidental Pillar of Fire*.

PILLAR *of* FIRE

Zarephath, - New Jersey

1920

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PREFACE

IN this volume I have attempted not simply to give a brief account of a recent trip to Yellowstone National Park and to describe some of Nature's grandeurs, but to elucidate spiritual truths that were demonstrated in this place of many "wonders" in a thousand miracles before my eyes.

There is no more poetical, picturesque, and fascinating spot on the globe, and no other place where magnificence and sublimity blend so harmoniously with the softest tints and colorings as in the Yellowstone region.

Here are geological formations in which the book of ages has been written in inks of variegated hues. In the canyons, rivers, and waterfalls, in the lakes, springs, and pools, specimens of Eden have been preserved on the outside of a thin crust, covering the sulphurous flames of the regions below, where the rumblings of God's wrath are heard threatening the world with judgments.

The mighty forces that operated in ages past are still at His command, demonstrated by the boiling springs, the volcanoes and spouting geysers. Ten thousand omens are heralding the approach of the winding-up of this age, and the beginning of a new dispensation in which all men shall acknowledge Jehovah in His majesty and power as the one and only Potentate worthy of the adoration and homage of the human race.

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MAP OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

HISTORICAL STATEMENT

IN a book entitled, *The Discovery of Yellowstone Park,* written by Nathaniel P. Langford, the author gives an account of an expedition of 130 persons who started from St. Paul, June 16, 1862, for the Salmon River, as it had been widely rumored that extensive placer mines had been discovered there. The expedition was led by Captain James L. Fisk, the noted Indian fighter. Among his assistants were E. H. Burritt, Nathaniel P. Langford, and Samuel R. Bond, who acted as secretary. David E. Folsom, Robert C. Knox, Cornelius Bray, Patrick Doherty, Ard Godfrey, and Patrick Bray, were selected for guard duty. Many well-known pioneers of Montana were in this company, whose names are familiar to the writer.

After eighteen weeks of hazardous adventure, the expedition arrived, on the 23d of October, at Grasshopper Creek. The weather being too cold for them to proceed on the jour-

ney, they decided to camp in that locality for the winter. This region was then the rendezvous of the Bannack Indians; and the St. Paul expedition named the settlement Bannack.

To me it is a strange coincidence that this expedition of pioneers should have left St. Paul on the day of my birth, the 16th of June, 1862; and that on March 31st, 1882, a little more than nineteen years, later, I should reach this same locality, having been engaged to teach the Bannack public school, which I began the 4th of April.

Frequently the early history of the town and its inhabitants was rehearsed in my hearing, but many deplored the fact that some of the old-timers had moved to Virginia City, Helena, Butte, and other places, and that the placer mines of Bannack were not so prosperous as in former days. But there were enough of the pioneers left to keep fresh in the memories of the younger generation the stories of adventures with wild beasts, the Indians, etc. Some of the stories were looked upon as fabrications, while others were known to be plain statements of facts.

I heard so much about the Indians, their reprisals and cruelty, that I lived in constant

dread of them, even when there was no cause for alarm. A short time before I reached Montana, which was then a territory, there had been an uprising of some tribes, and a number of persons living in Bannack and vicinity had been killed. When they were on the warpath at this particular time, the inhabitants of Bannack had to barricade themselves in the new brick courthouse and stay for days to protect themselves from a general slaughter.

I was not afraid of the squaws with their papooses strapped to boards on their backs, but when the "bucks," as they were called, pressed their flat noses against the window-panes asking for muck-a-muck (food), they frightened me so that I could not get over it for hours. No one else seemed to have any fear of them, even though harrowing stories were everywhere being told about their treachery and cruelty. I made my home with Aunt Eliza, my mother's sister, who had married Dillon B. Mason, a pioneer of Montana, about ten years before. It was she who had engaged the public school for me and had insisted on my coming to Montana, from Kentucky, to teach at Bannack.

When the Indians on their foraging expe-

NO 61 A GROUP OF BANNOCK WAR CHIEFS POCATELLO IDAHO

ditions came around to the back door and windows of the kitchen, it seemed to be my lot to see them first. When they saw how I was disturbed at their presence, they would throw their heads back and laugh, and say, "White squaw, heaply big fool." My uncle and aunt were always on friendly terms with them, calling them John, Jim, and other familiar names. This pleased them very much, especially when food was given them; and I knew they would be around again in a few days, much to my annoyance.

Patrick Bray of Bannack, whose name is mentioned in the St. Paul expedition, was one of the old pioneers who could tell more "blood and thunder" stories than anyone else in the community.

In 1870, a party composed of some of the most prominent citizens of Montana, under the leadership of General Washburn, then the Surveyor-General of the Territory, went on an exploring expedition to the Yellowstone regions. The names of some of the members of this party were household words in the early days of Montana, and familiar to the writer. Among them were Cornelius Hedges, Nathaniel P. Langford, the first superintendent of

0 58 BANNOCK

the Park, T. C. Everts, S. T. Hauser, and Lieut. G. C. Doane. The reader will note the fact that N. P. Langford was a member of the St. Paul party under the leadership of Captain Fisk, that landed on Grasshopper Creek, Montana, in the fall of 1862; and much of the success of the expedition was due to his heroism. Also much credit is due him for his unabating devotion to the cause of the republic, and the service he rendered in having the region set apart as a National Park, March 1st, 1872. Until this time, there were no restrictions on hunting, trapping, gathering of specimens, etc., or to fencing in the geysers by private individuals. THE ACT OF THE DEDICATION OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, approved March 1st, 1872, was as follows:

"BE IT ENACTED BY THE SENATE AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED:

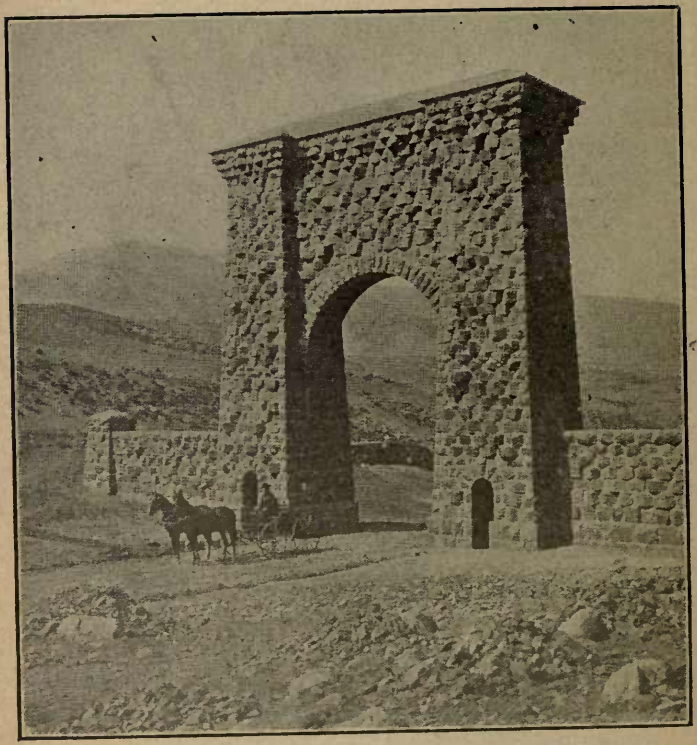
"That the tract of land in the Territories of Montana and Wyoming, lying near the headwaters of the Yellowstone River, and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the junction of Gardiner River with the Yellowstone River, and running east to the merid-

ian passing ten miles to the eastward of the most eastern point of Yellowstone Lake; thence south along the said meridian to the parallel of latitude passing ten miles south of the most southern point of Yellowstone Lake; thence west along said parallel to the meridian passing fifteen miles west of the most western point of Madison Lake; thence north along said meridian to the latitude of the junction of the Yellowstone and Gardiner Rivers; thence east to place of beginning—is hereby reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy or sale under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people; and all persons who shall locate, settle upon or occupy the same or any part thereof, except as hereinafter provided, shall be considered trespassers and removed therefrom.

"Sec. 2. The said public Park shall be under the exclusive control of the Secretary of the Interior, whose duty it shall be, as soon as practicable, to make and publish such rules and regulations as he may deem necessary and proper for the care and management of the same. Such regulations shall provide for the preservation from injury or spoliation of all timber, mineral deposits, natural curiosities or wonders within said park and their retention in their natural condition.

"The Secretary may, in his discretion, grant leases for building purposes, for terms not exceeding ten

years, of small parcels of ground, at such places in said park as shall require the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors; all the proceeds of said leases, and all other revenues that may be derived from any source connected with said park, to be expended under his direction in the management of the same, and the construction of roads and bridle paths therein. He shall provide against the wanton destruction of the fish and game found within said park, and against their capture or destruction for the purpose of merchandise or profit. He shall also cause all persons trespassing upon the same after the passage of this act to be removed therefrom, and generally shall be authorized to take all such measures as shall be necessary or proper to fully carry out the objects and purpose of this act."



ARCH AT NORTHERN ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK,
DEDICATED BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

With God In the Yellowstone

CHAPTER I

ENROUTE TO THE PARK

ON September 2, 1919, I left Zarephath, New Jersey for Denver, Colorado. Seven days later, accompanied by my brother and his wife, Rev. Charles W. and Lillian O. Bridwell, I started on a trip to the Yellowstone National Park. Traffic on the railroads was so heavy out of Denver that we had some difficulty in getting properly routed, but finally succeeded. Twenty-four hours later, we reached Cody, Wyoming, the eastern entrance to the Park. We secured lodging at the Irma Hotel, founded by William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), and named for his favorite daughter.

On the walls of the office and in the halls of this hotel were splendid paintings, in which the whole history of the famous frontiersman and Indian fighter was shown. Hours could

profitably be spent studying these pictures, in which one could learn more about the "Wild West," of former days, than one could get from the average history. All of the famous Indian chiefs were there, among them, Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, and Black Bird. Their features were so perfectly outlined I almost felt I was looking into their faces.

There were so many tourists we were fortunate in getting accommodations at this place, when arrangements had not been made ahead. Since I felt the need of rest, and my brother wanted more information concerning the tour through the Park, we concluded to stay over for a day. We held an open-air Gospel meeting here, and had the opportunity of getting acquainted with some of the people whom we told about the work of the Pillar of Fire organization.

At one time we had about decided to hire an automobile and drive through the Park, but later, concluded it would be too much of an undertaking, and made arrangements with the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company to take us through for about forty-three dollars each; this included board and lodging at the Yellowstone Camps.

At 8:15, on the morning of September 12, we boarded one of the big, yellow touring-cars, with a number of other passengers, and proceeded on our journey. We had nothing to do with the selection of our automobile party, but could not have been better suited. About four miles west of Cody, we entered the SHOSHONE CANYON, three miles from the first tunnel. In the meantime, we were climbing up the mountainside so rapidly that it was soon hundreds of feet to the chasm below.

In a little while we reached the top of the SHOSHONE DAM, to the left, and here made our first stop. The scenery, while approaching and when leaving the dam, was the most magnificent I have ever beheld. Word-pictures fail to give even a slight idea of the depths of the canyon, the wonderful tints and hues caused by mineral formations and volcanic action in ages past. The trees on either side were of such immense height, that I was almost staggered. I was not expecting anything like this, on the run from Cody to the boundary of the Park; and surprises awaited me every moment of the time.

While waiting at the dam, I copied from a board the following dimensions:

SHOSHONE CANYON

© Haynes, St. Paul

Height, 328 feet,
Thickness at base, 108 feet,
Thickness at top, 10 feet,
Length of crest, 200 feet,
Capacity of reservoir, 456,000 acre-feet,
Area of water surface, 10 square miles,
Maximum width, 4 miles,
Maximum depth, 233 feet,
Length of spillway, 300 feet,
Work begun, 1905,
Work completed, 1910,
Total cost, $1,354,000.

The scenery approaching the dam on both sides, was to me so unparalleled and inspiring, my heart cried out with the Psalmist:

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. . . . For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

After leaving the dam, we passed slowly through the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth tunnels. Twelve miles from Cody we had a magnificent view of the great SHOSHONE RESERVOIR at our left. Then we passed the Morris Ranch, crossed the bridge over the Shoshone

SHOSHONE DAM © *Haynes, St. Paul*

River and turned to the right. We passed a school house, Hollister's Ranch, Frost and Richard's Ranch, entered Shoshone National Forest and took the left side road to Canyon Forest Ranger Station. Two miles farther was the overhanging Rock Cliff, and other places of less importance between it and the Holy City at the right.

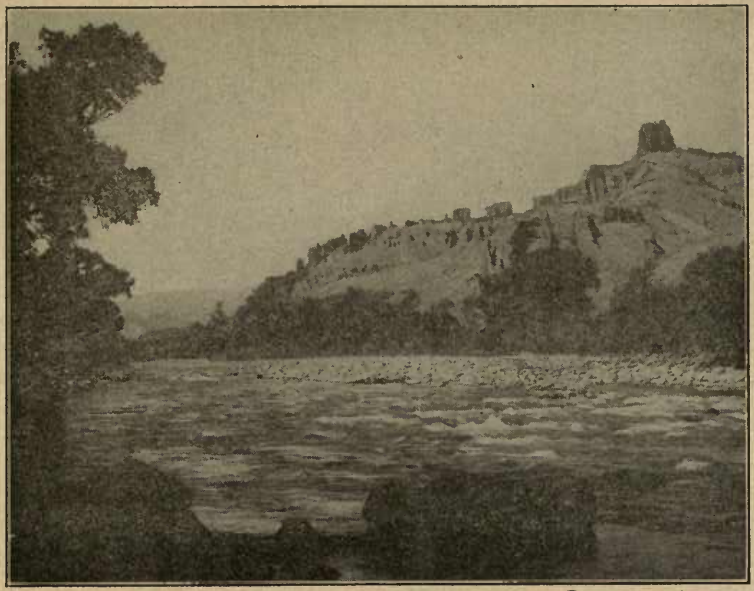
About forty-one miles from Cody we came to the Palisades; then followed Mesa Creek, Good Camp, Elephant Head at the right, Mutilated Hand, and Eagle Creek. About fifty-three miles from Cody we arrived at PAHASKA TEPEE LODGE, founded by Buffalo Bill. This station is only two miles from the boundary of the Park. The yellow cars turn in at the lodge for luncheon. A stop of about an hour and a half was allowed here. The house is built of unplaned logs with a large fireplace and small windows. It has wide porches, provided with easy chairs for the tourists. While it has a wild, rustic appearance it is homelike.

A little brown bear chained to a tree on the grass plot in front furnished much amusement for the company by turning somersaults. Three or four bears had been killed a few days

before, somewhere in the neighborhood of the lodge, and bear meat was served at luncheon. However, none of the three members of our party ate animal flesh.

We asked that eggs might be substituted, but our request was not granted, and we had to be content with what we could get. We did not find the courtesy and interest manifested in our welfare here, on the part of the managers, that we expected; and we felt that if we had to meet the same difficulties farther on, it would be a matter of regret to us that we did not hire a conveyance and make an independent tour. Fortunately, we found a decided difference in the management at the camps.

Two young women, who had been residing in the park camps for the summer, had arranged with the driver of our car to sit on the front seat with him on the trip from Cody to Yellowstone Camp. However, they were not on hand in the morning when we were ready to start, and a person who had later secured the front seat kindly let me have it. I was grateful for the protection the wind-shield gave me, and of being able to keep my feet warm near the engine. When the young women found



THE HOLY CITY © *Haynes, St. Paul*

that they had been left, they hired an automobile and overtook us. They paid a woman chauffeur, clad in men's clothing, ten dollars for this trip; and just as we were halting at the dam they drove up, to the delight of the young man who was driving our car.

Nothing was said to me about giving them the front seat, but they made some remarks in the presence of others that showed plainly what was on their minds. I kept my place until we reached Pahaska Lodge. In the meantime "Heine," the driver, as he was called, seemed more or less excited, and occasionally called to them in the rear seat. He was running at such speed it was difficult for some of the passengers to keep their places, especially where there were sharp curves in the road. He was, no doubt, a skilful driver. He seemed to know that he was exceeding the speed limit, and shouted out to one of the young women, "Ruth, are you all there?" A few minutes after this he ran against the post of a bridge and came near having a wreck, but no one said anything to him, nor made a protest against his carelessness and levity when he should have been attending to business.

"Heine" spent the time at Pahaska Lodge

PAHASKA TEPEE LODGE © *Haynes, St. Paul*

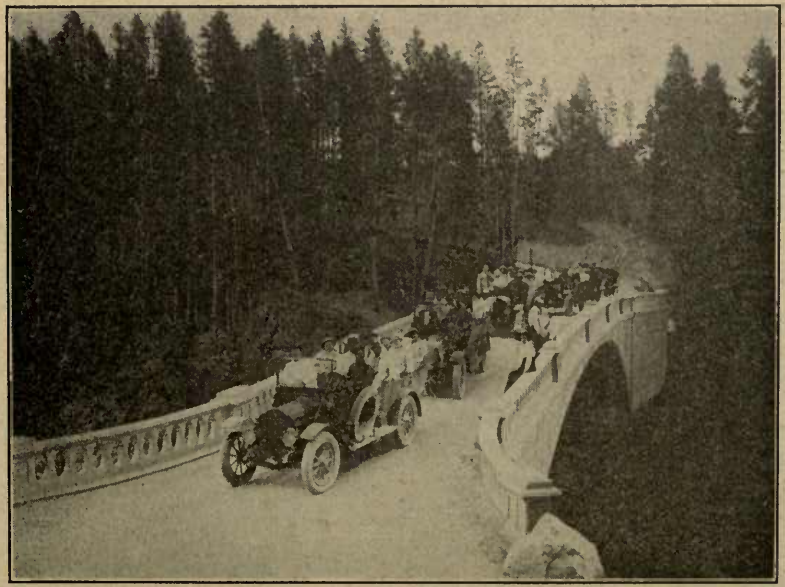
in the company of the two girls; and when the time came to go, he did not wait, as others did, to load up in front of the building, but took them out to the rear where the car was standing and put them in the front seat. There was a protest on the part of all the other passengers, who insisted that he should give me the seat I had occupied in the morning, but he was unyielding; and after a half hour's delay and controversy they saw the utter futility of trying to convince him of his act of injustice, and proceeded on the journey. However, it served the purpose of quieting him down and causing him to be more careful in the dangerous places of the road.

The woman in charge at the Pahaska Lodge, who had failed to serve us with eggs, after one of the waitresses had promised them to me, was chafing under an impeachment of her lack of good will and hospitality toward some of her patrons; and came boldly out to the car, and in the presence of every one took sides with the driver, assuring him that she would stand for the delay. This greatly strengthened him in the stand he had taken.

It was not very pleasant to ride behind a driver with so much responsibility, who was

carrying on a flirtation. I once saw a brakeman flirting with a young woman when he should have been attending to business. Suddenly, he lost his footing, fell between the cars and was crushed to death. Human nature has been so weakened through the fall that there is not much dependence to be put in one where a play by the opposite sex is being made on the heart-strings. Samson was shorn of his strength by the fair-faced Delilah, and made to grind without eyes in the mills of the Philistines, after he had rent a lion, carried off the gates of Gaza, and defied all the enemies of Israel.

There is too much good-natured toleration of such things, where human lives are involved. Most people choose the path of least resistance, when it does not seriously interfere with their rights or comfort, but not so with our fellow passengers, four of whom were devout members of the Friends' Church. There was a principle involved, and they did not hesitate to show on which side they were. We enjoyed the company of these "Friends" very much. The two gentlemen and their wives were our companions on the trip from the morning we left Cody till the day we parted at the Old Faithful Camp at the Upper Geyser Basin.



CHITTENDEN BRIDGE

© *Haynes, St. Paul*

CHAPTER II

GRAND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE

AFTER crossing the Yellowstone boundary, about two miles west of Pahaska Tepee Lodge, I began to feel an atmosphere of freedom that I had not hitherto enjoyed on the trip. I felt that the Yellowstone National Park, with all of its wonders and many interests, belonged to me as much as to any other person on the earth; and from that moment it seemed that I was walking with God to the very gates of heaven and to the brink of hell. The freedom of animal life in the Park, brought to my mind vivid pictures of the Millennium, when, as Isaiah says, nothing shall hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain. It should be a matter of great interest and satisfaction to Americans that our government has the custody of the Yellowstone —that man with selfish interests is prohibited from laying claim to anything within its boundaries, and is compelled to refrain from marring or defacing the formations around the

geysers and other places, and from destroying animal life.

It is to be deplored that so few know how rich they are in the gifts that God and nature have bestowed upon us as a people, in this vast region of more than 3,000 square miles of so many miracles and wonders.

About eight miles from the border, we came to Sylvan Pass; then followed Snow Fall, Lake Eleanor, Sylvan Lodge, Sylvan Lake, and Wedded Trees, at the left. About eleven miles from Sylvan Pass, we came to Turbid Lake, Osprey Nest in a tree at the right, Fishing Bridge, Yellowstone River, and turned to the right to Grand Canyon.

Our first stop after leaving Pahaska Lodge was at MUD VOLCANO and GREEN GABLE SPRING, at the left. This was the first place where we had found any disturbance on the surface caused by the heated regions below. The angry crater of the volcano resembled, in some respects, the Mammoth Paint Pots in the Lower Geyser Basin, but unlike the latter, there was nothing beautiful about it,—it was simply a great mass of boiling mud, manifesting such intense heat as to spout up several feet, threatening to bespatter those who came too

SYLVAN LAKE

© *Haynes, St. Paul*

near. It was enclosed by a railing, around which was a board walk. Below the mud geyser was a boiling spring where the water, clear as crystal, poured out of the ground and was carried away.

I ventured to put my finger into the water and was nearly burned. This place was only a suggestion of what we were to see later in the Geyser Basins.

At our left, eight miles from Sylvan Pass, we had a splendid view of YELLOWSTONE LAKE in the distance. In the heart of the Park Plateau, averaging more than eight thousand feet elevation, surrounded by mountains, waterfalls, and cascades, is the lake, twenty miles in length, which, at its elevation, has but one rival, Lake Titicaca, in the Andes. As our party did not visit West Thumb, it was our privilege to see the lake only at a distance, where we could have but a slight idea of its beauty and immensity.

"David E. Folsom, of the Folsom and Cook Exploring Party, in 1869 says:

'As we were about departing on our homeward trip, we ascended the summit of a neighboring hill and took a final look at Yellowstone Lake. Nestled among the forest-crowned hills which bounded our vision, lay

YELLOWSTONE LAKE

© *Haynes, St. Paul*

this inland sea, its crystal waves dancing and sparkling in the sunlight as if laughing with joy for their wild freedom. It is a scene of transcendent beauty, which has been viewed by but few white men, and we felt glad to have looked upon it before its primeval solitude should be broken by the crowds of pleasure-seekers, which at no distant day will throng its shores.' "

For the next few miles the scenery was most fascinating, but it was only a prelude to what awaited us in the first glimpse we were to get of the GRAND CANYON.

We halted at INSPIRATION POINT, where I followed others down the steps to a great ledge of rocks overhanging the chasm. The scene that greeted my vision was so overwhelming and unexpected that I became dizzy and had to make my way back to the car, supported by the railing.

This yawning gulf with its awful depths of nearly two thousand feet, through which the river, like a silver thread was wending its way, and the sublime coloring produced by nature, reflected from the mineral formations on the sides of the great canyon, was a sight too much for human frailty, and I had to be satisfied to take a glimpse and wait until I could

recuperate from the shock before attempting another adventure.

Before leaving Inspiration Point, some one shouted, "See the eagle's nest!" and there, looking down into a tall pine tree at the right of the descent, was the nest; but I was more interested in the canyon, for I had never had the faintest conception of what it really is.

When I had recuperated somewhat from the bewilderment, I was inclined to charge those who had visited the Park before, among whom were my brother and his wife, with stupidity and a lack of appreciation for not having done more to tell of such grandeur. But afterwards I had to admit that the half cannot be told however much anyone might try. Unlike the Royal Gorge in Colorado, we were not at the bottom looking up, but at the top looking down into the silent and awful depths. It was as if the earth had rent asunder and we were standing on the brink looking over into the abyss.

"Of all the marvels of the Yellowstone National Park, the most sublime is the Grand Canyon. Through this the Yellowstone River, which is a tributary of the Missouri, flows in one place for twenty continuous miles between perpendicular cliffs only about 200 yards apart and from 1,200 to 1,500 feet in height. At the entrance of this part of the canyon the whole

EAGLE'S NEST ROCK © *Haynes, St. Paul*

river makes a stupendous leap of 308 feet, in what is known as the 'Lower Fall.' The sides of this gigantic chasm have literally almost all the colors of the rainbow displayed upon their vertical surfaces. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, and white tints, are constantly succeeding one another here in wonderful variety, thus lighting up with glory countless architectural forms, which Nature, it would seem, had fashioned here to make the proudest works of man appear diminutive and tame. These colors doubtless have been formed by the percolating through the cliffs of the hot mineral waters from the neighboring springs. Distinguished painters have sadly declared that any adequate representation of these brilliant, variegated hues is utterly beyond the power of human art. What an unrivalled combination is there, therefore, in this canyon, of awe-inspiring grandeur and enchanting beauty! And what a magnificent pathway has been given to the Yellowstone River! Leaving the famous Yellowstone Lake enclosed by snow-clad mountains, it passes through a series of rapids and a fall of 140 feet before it even reaches the Grand Canyon, and just beyond this it receives a tributary, which in its haste to join it, makes a leap of 156 feet. Thus cradled in sublimity, the Yellowstone River must be called in some respects the most extraordinary stream upon our continent."

Why was this place kept concealed from the eyes of civilized man for nearly four hundred years after America was discovered?

dred years after America was discovered? Even now only a small per cent of the 100,000,000 people of the United States know what they possess in this romantic and mysterious region, which in some places seems to be the antechamber of heaven and the very mouth of hell. Many, for lack of opportunity or interest, will never see the Yellowstone National Park, while multitudes from foreign shores will swarm like bees within its boundaries and reap the benefits of the sacrifice and toil of its discoverers and of God's free gift to America.

When the Queen of Sheba came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and he answered all her questions, showing her the riches and glory of his kingdom, she said, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and, BEHOLD, THE HALF WAS NOT TOLD ME." This truly could be said of the Grand Canyon. I have been many times through the Rocky Mountain regions, passed through the Royal Gorge, have seen most of the places of interest that the mountain passes, fastnesses, and peaks afford, but nothing had ever so

NO. 147. UP THE GRAND CANYON FROM INSPIRATION PT.-YELLOWSTONE PARK. HAYNES-PHOTO.

charmed, awed, inspired, and bewildered me as did the first glimpse of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

Solomon's kingdom symbolizes the second work of grace, taught in the Scriptures, an experience which no one can understand unless he is in possession of it. Experience is necessary to enjoy it in its fulness, and so with nature's grandeur and magnificence on such a tremendous scale as in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. One must see with the eyes what the mind fails to grasp by the hearing of the ear. Language, with its adaptability to the usages of mortal man, is inadequate. Word-pictures, though drawn by the most visionary and gifted, fail to convey in a slight degree the grandeur of nature's activities and exhibitions in this the most inspiring and picturesque spot on the globe.

After I was again seated in the car, for a few moments my eyes were closed to all the world about me, and in a new sense I began to realize the infinite depths of divine power and wisdom, and how small is the creature when compared with the Creator.

At Artist's View we stopped again for another look at the canyon. In the opinion of some persons, a better view was to be had here

than at Inspiration Point, but I did not think so, and did not tarry long. Feeling that enough had been crowded into one day, I went back to the stage anxious to get where I could relax and rest.

A few minutes later we arrived at YELLOWSTONE CAMP, near the Upper and Lower Falls. After we had registered and were shown the way to our tents, the evening meal was served in a large, spacious dining-room.

In the office of the camp we found a log fire burning. A score or more of tourists seated around it were engaged in conversation; and the new arrivals received a cordial welcome. Everything presented so homelike an appearance, it made me feel as if I should like to spend a week here.

The greatest courtesy was manifested on the part of the managers and those who rendered us service, and I felt that they had a real heart interest in our welfare. The accommodations in the tents were all that one could ask. The tents had floors, were boarded up the sides, and furnished with all the conveniences necessary. In each one there was a stove that was lighted both

WILLOW PARK CAMP, YELLOWSTONE PARK

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there was a stove that was lighted both morning and evening, as it was late in the season and sometimes the temperature was almost at freezing point. When a fire was needed, one of the attendants at the camp came to light it.

CHAPTER III

UPPER AND LOWER FALLS

AFTER dinner was served on the evening of our arrival, my brother and his wife took a trip down UNCLE TOM'S TRAIL to the base of the Lower Yellowstone Fall. They returned later, excited not a little, to tell of their adventure and what they had seen. I regretted that they did not wait until morning so that I could go with them, but I was so elated with the description of the fall that I was determined to go down the trail, if I had to go alone. The next morning when I saw how hazardous the undertaking would be, there was nothing that could have induced me to descend the rocky steep over which they had traveled. Sister Lillian and I got a good view of the fall from a prominence near the edge of the canyon, and this satisfied me.

Just before the water makes its tremendous leap, it is compressed within a width of about 100 feet, where it seems to slow

down to prepare for the shock before it dashes 308 feet over the rocks. Here from the foaming mass of spray, gorgeous rainbows may be seen. The eye is then inclined to follow the little stream that dwindles away between the rocky sides of the great chasm, foaming and dashing as it goes, until it looks like a silver thread in the distance. The rainbow colors at the fall, blending with the various tints and hues reflected from the mineral formations on the sides of the canyon, presented a picture that no artist could paint.

My sister and I took the trail along the edge of the canyon and finally made intersection with the automobile road within a short distance of the camp. On the way back, I felt as if I had lighted down on another sphere where I could stay for only a brief period, and that I must profit by every moment of time that was allotted me. Pausing by the roadside, I asked the question, "What shall it be when these mortal bodies put on immortality, when they shall no longer be subject to the laws of gravitation or others governing material substances? What shall it be to wing one's flight to unseen worlds where there is still a greater comprehension to be had of Him who

created the world and threw it from the tips of His fingers into space!"

It took thousands of years for astronomers to learn that the earth is hung upon nothing; that when God created it He made it out of nothing, and set the forces in action that were continually demonstrating His omnipotence before their eyes.

The plan of salvation, of which it is my privilege to be a partaker, was never more precious to me than at this time, and I had a new appreciation of the fact that an infinite price had been paid for man's redemption. I felt renewed inspiration to press the battle against sin and unrighteousness to the gates of heaven or to the depths of hell.

The Calvary route is often rugged. There are many dangerous places, where if the Infinite One did not clasp our hands and hold them tightly, we would plunge to the depths of the chasm and be wrecked and ruined for time and eternity. We have the blessed consolation, however, that He has promised to guide us with His eye, and never to leave or forsake those who put their trust in Him.

There is an atmosphere of sincerity among the people around the hotels and camps of the

Yellowstone that is rarely found in summer resorts in other places. Here the voice of God in nature is heard in the smallest whisper, and again in tones of thunder; those who are inclined to be giddy and possessed with a spirit of levity, suddenly find themselves sobering up and beginning to think upon those things that involve the interests of their immortal souls.

Many of the helpers about the camps and hotels of the Park, I was told, were students and teachers who had come to the Yellowstone unprepared financially to make the tour, and had accepted positions as waiters, waitresses, etc., in order to pay their way through, and to be able to return by the time their schools opened. Some of them received only slight compensation, and depended on the good will of the tourists to reimburse them for services.

The familiarity that was seen everywhere between man and beast betokens the fact that an earnest of Isaiah's prophecy of the Millennium is being fulfilled. These native animals are free to go wherever they please, and seem to have little or no fear. In many instances they come close enough to eat out of the hands of the tourists. At the park camps and around the kitchens of the hotels, black,

brown, and occasionally grizzly bears could be seen at almost any hour of the day eating out of tins or otherwise in search of food. At our camp, near the kitchen, I found a brown bear with two little cubs. She looked at me with an independent toss of her head as much as to say, "You may be surprised to see me here, but I am enjoying the rights and privileges accorded me under the laws governing the Park; I am taking no undue liberties nor committing any offense." She then took an affectionate look at her cubs and warned me to keep my distance. I assured her that I had no thought of disturbing them, and so there was an understanding between us. I afterward made frequent visits to the brow of the hill where I could get a good view of her and her little ones.

Tourists often make a mistake in trying to feed and pet the bears. Signs are up everywhere warning them of this danger. A short time before our party arrived, some person tried to pet a bear and was bitten in the wrist. It taught him and others a lesson. These animals have not been tamed, and the reason they are not so vicious as in primeval days is because no one is allowed to wound or kill them. When

BEAR FEEDING "A LA CARTE"

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one becomes unmanageable and it is necessary to dispose of it, the government rangers who have charge of the Park remove all traces of blood, and even burn the hide, so as to keep from arousing suspicion on the part of others. Thus we see, in part, what the Millennium will be when nothing shall hurt or destroy, and when "righteousness shall be the girdle of his lions, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins."

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. THEY SHALL NOT HURT NOR DESTROY IN ALL MY HOLY MOUNTAIN: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Isa. 11:5:9).

We could have spent another day at the Grand Canyon, as we had arranged for a five-day tour, but decided to spend more time at

Old Faithful Camp near the Upper Geyser Basin, and therefore planned to leave in the afternoon. In the meantime I packed up my things, made some notes in my dairy, and went alone to the Upper Yellowstone Fall.

Here, with no one present but the unseen host, I spent one of the most profitable hours of my life. I was in a position to get a good view of the Fall, where the water was dashing more than a hundred feet over the rocks, preparatory to the final plunge of three hundred feet a half mile below.

For a short time, surrounded by nature, with all of its primitive beauty and grandeur, I seemed to forget my burdens, and had a foretaste of what it will be when the cross is laid down and the crown is won. But to be an overcomer, I knew there must be no shrinking from duty until the last battle is fought.

Time forbade my tarrying longer at this place, and I hurried to the camp where I found my brother and sister looking for me. In a few minutes we had bidden many of our newly-made friends good-by and were hurried off in the yellow touring car *via* Tower Fall to Mammoth Hot Springs, a distance of about forty miles.

UPPER YELLOWSTONE FALL

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In the car was a new driver, and among the passengers were the four "Friends" who had started with us from Cody, Wyoming. We were glad to have them, and also to have a change of drivers, so that we might forget the unpleasant experience of the day before at Pahaska Tepee Lodge.

Every person in the car seemed to be in good spirits, and ready to enjoy the trip to the fullest extent. From the time we left the camp until we reached Mt. Washburn, a distance of about ten miles, my time was mostly taken up answering the questions of a woman from California who wanted information about our organization, the Pillar of Fire. I was glad to answer her questions and to give her all the enlightenment I could, but I found that it was taxing my physical strength when I should be at my best to profit by the trip. I silently prayed that a change of some kind might be made. We did not take the automobile road to the summit of Mt. Washburn, an altitude of 10,388 feet, but turned to the left through Dunraven Pass, along the side of the mountain, a much shorter road than over the summit.

I had no desire to go to the summit. I had so often been over the highest peaks of the

Rockies on all the scenic railroad lines, that I did not care to tax my nerves on such a trip; other passengers felt much the same.

The drive around the side of the mountain was hazardous enough for me; and while others expressed no fear, there were times when I felt I should be compelled to get out of the car and walk. A good-natured pilot seated by the driver, who, no doubt, was sent out by the Park company, was skilful enough to divert my attention from the distance to the base of the mountain at our left until we had passed over the dangerous part of the road. I shall not forget the manner in which he undertook to make me forget that I was nervous.

Tower Fall was our first stop. The dizzy heights had almost unfitted me for what awaited us at this place, but my brother and the pilot assisted me up the steps and I followed others down the trail to the fall, dashing 132 feet over the rocks. The snowy, foaming water has the appearance of white satin ribbon, falling perpendicularly between two towering rocks, whence it gets its name. It lacks the volume of some other falls in the Yellowstone, but its grace and beauty are nowhere surpassed.

About four miles from the fall, we turned aside to CAMP ROOSEVELT, where we found a great display of elk horns. I was constantly on the lookout for elk, deer, and other animals, as I was told that they were often seen in herds in that locality, but I saw nothing except a lonely coyote, trotting along utterly indifferent to our presence. It seems that the continual blowing of automobile horns has frightened the more timid creatures back from the highways, and only occasionally do they venture close enough to be seen.

CHAPTER IV

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

THE distance from Grand Canyon Camp to Mammoth Hot Springs, near Fort Yellowstone, was made in about three and one-half hours, with only the one stop at Tower Fall, and the few minutes that we halted at Camp Roosevelt, and the Cold Spring. But there was not one moment of monotony. The harmonious blending of colors, the distant mountain peaks and ranges, the soft-tinted sky, the trees, the water, in fact, all of Nature's best, in a milder form than we had seen about the Grand Canyon at the Upper and Lower Yellowstone Falls, was constantly presented in shifting scenes before our vision, relieving, in a measure, the tension we had been under since arriving in the vicinity of the Grand Canyon.

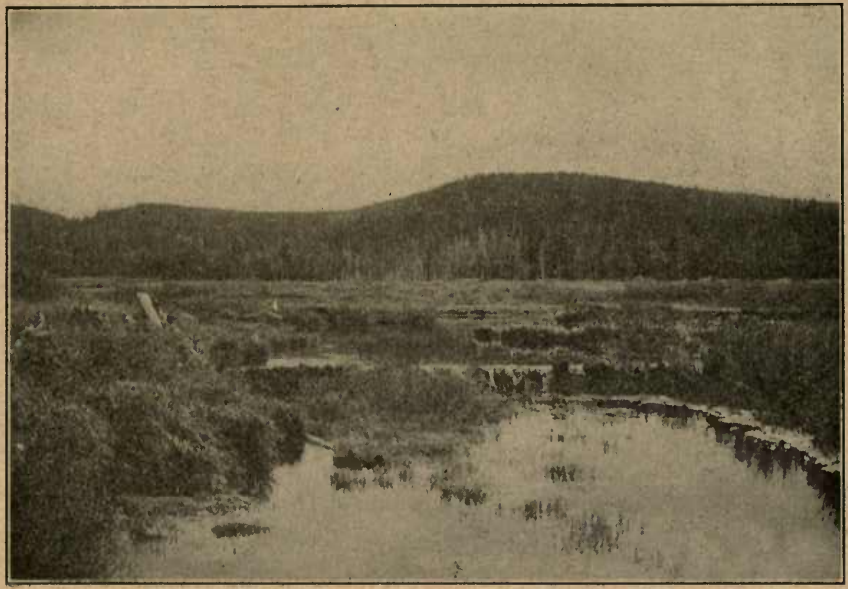
One place, in particular, that attracted my attention, was a beaver dam and hut that had been constructed by an order of masons whose

operations are conducted exclusively upon the principles of home protection, and whose chief aim is to protect the fur trade of which they are the producers. In order to do this and to keep from being stranded, it is often necessary for the beavers to dam up the waters and build a house in which to live.

When they cut down trees, they have the faculty of felling them where they want to build, so as to save as much labor as possible. At our left was a creek and a dam they had built and a house they had constructed, independent of the laws controlling the builders' association or that of the labor unions.

Their tools are very simple, as they use their teeth for saws, their tails for trowels, etc. In the midst of the dam was the hut, built of unplaned logs, with a well-constructed roof.

Under less favorable circumstances than is found for animal life in the Park, these little workers with their soft, silken fur would have been hunted down and captured before they could have brought the work to completion. Again, I could not help but exclaim,



BEAVER DAM

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What a blessing are the laws governing the Yellowstone Park!

The rangers, with stations interspersed throughout the vast area of more than 3,000 square miles, are employed by the government for the protection of life and property, and arrests are quickly made and penalties fixed when there is any violation of the law. These men are not soldiers, but patrolmen on horseback, dressed in cowboy's uniform. An ordinary soldier would be unfitted for such work. Men in leather shaps are needed who can break and ride bronchos, throw the lariat, and round up the herds; those who are used to the mountain fastnesses and the buffalo path, the haunts of black, brown, and grizzly bears, and are acquainted with the habits of the elk, moose, mountain sheep, the antelope, the deer, etc.; those who know the habits and lurking places of the unscrupulous hunters and poachers who defy the laws and by any or all means seek to evade punishment. No one is better fitted than the western ranger to track them down and see that they are brought to justice.

When we arrived at the MAMMOTH SPRINGS, we found a welcome at the camp and

soon felt very much at home. It was cool enough for a fire, and many of the tourists gathered around the stove in the office and chatted with one another until the evening meal, which proved to be a plentiful repast and well served.

Our tents were furnished after the same pattern as those of the Grand Canyon Camp, with the exception that these were lighted with electricity.

The MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS and the beautiful terraces, in attempting description of which all language has been exhausted, were only a short distance from the camp; without waiting for a guide, we were soon winding our way up the side of the hill and around the road where we could find an entrance to the plateau. I had seen pictures of the many springs and terraces in colors, and had supposed they were overdrawn, but I found myself in the same bewildered state as when I first saw the Grand Canyon. Before I was aware, my tears were flowing freely at the thought of how impossible it would be to describe these springs to my friends and others who, perhaps, would never have the opportunity of seeing them. The

blending of colors cannot be reproduced by the brush of the most gifted artist. I was thankful that God had permitted me to see the work of His hands that I might help others in the battle for eternal life.

Some of our party were looking for the DEVIL'S KITCHEN, but in the absence of a guide were having difficulty in finding it; I had no inclination to participate in the search. I had been in the ante-chamber of heaven and at the gates of perdition, and this was sufficient for one day, so I started back toward the camp, with a lady who seemed to be satisfied to stay by my side, even though she missed seeing many of the places of interest.

I knew she was tired, and hoped that she might ride the remainder of the way. Soon an automobile came along and took her in. By this time my brother and sister and other members of the party had given up the search for the Devil's Kitchen and overtaken us. Later I was told that it is in the crater of an extinct boiling spring, not far from some of the terraces.

After reaching the camp, I was about to retire, when I decided to go to the office and

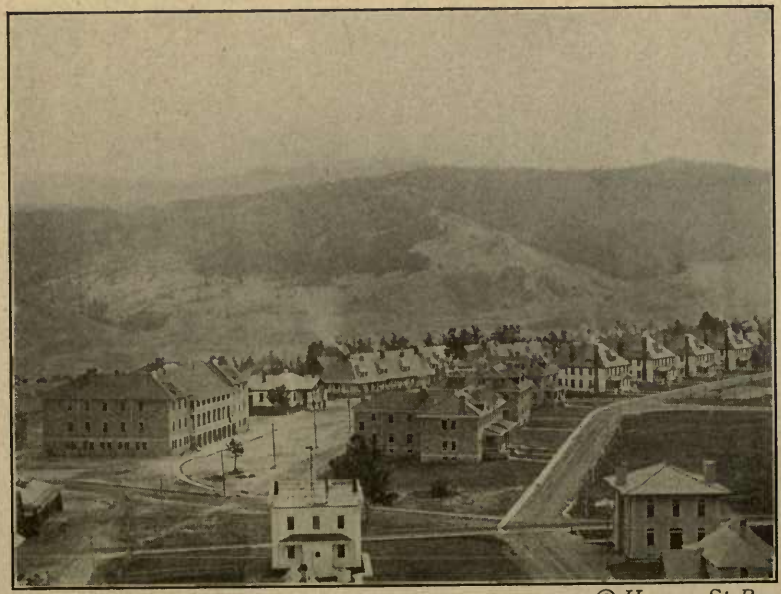
see what was going on. A number of persons were preparing a program for an entertainment, and asked me to make an address, but I felt that enough had been crowded into one day, and declined.

Before morning, the weather became very chilly, and I had to use both the heavy comforters that had been provided for my bed. My circulation was not good, and my rest was more or less disturbed. I feared a greater change might come in the weather, and decided to get over the ground as quickly as possible even though we should have to miss many of the details of the place.

We had breakfast with Mr. Hayes, president of the Yellowstone Camp Company, who officially, or otherwise, has been connected with operations in the Yellowstone for the past twenty-five years. Mr. Hayes was able to give us some valuable information, which we greatly appreciated.

MAMMOTH CAMP is situated at the foot of Jupiter Terrace. A short distance away is Fort Yellowstone, where the administration headquarters of the Park is located.

I should have enjoyed seeing more of the springs, with their gorgeous hues and combi-



FORT YELLOWSTONE

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nations, but with the hope that we should have the opportunity of visiting the Park again in the near future, our party took the morning stage to Old Faithful Camp, at the Upper Geyser Basin.

Before leaving, I got a glimpse of the buffalo herd on the horizon in the distance, and was surprised to hear how rapidly these animals are becoming extinct in the Park, where they are so well protected. It seems that the buffalo and the Indian go together, and thrive only where civilization has not yet come.

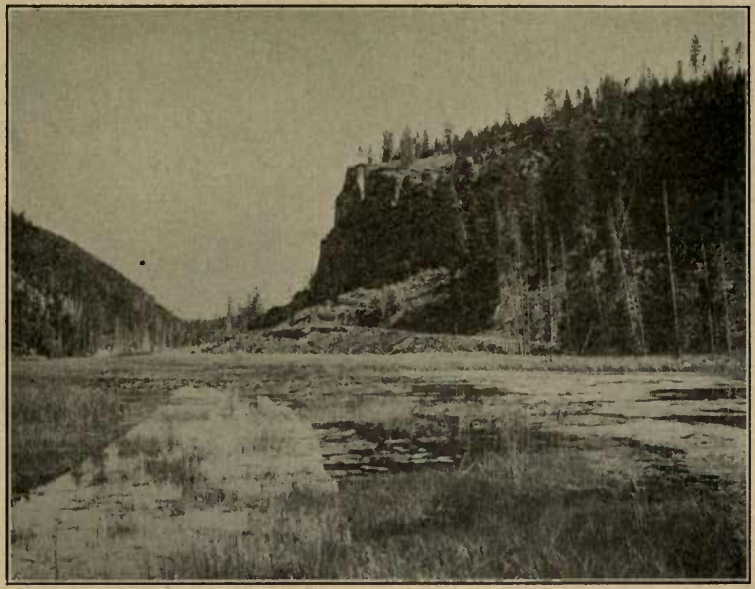
The weather was cold, and having to travel in an open car made it very uncomfortable until the sun had time to rise above the tall trees and the mountain peaks. A brisk wind was blowing, and most of the time I had to keep my face heavily veiled. This hindered me from getting the full benefit of the scenery on the way to the Norris Geyser Basin. Here, however, there was so much steam and boiling water I had no difficulty in getting warm.

We had a skilful driver, who called out the names of the places in a clear voice. This kept the passengers from being under a strain of uncertainty and tense listening.

Obsidian Cliff, formed as the result of volcanic action in ages past, is twelve miles south of Mammoth Hot Springs. It rises two hundred fifty feet above the road and is composed of jet-black, volcanic glass, usually opaque, streaked with red, yellow, and green. When the roadway was constructed, great fires were built around blocks of this glass, which, when heated, were cooled by dashing water upon them resulting in their being shattered into fragments. This is said to be the only stretch of glass road in existence.

The cliff was "neutral ground" to the different tribes of Indians. Chips of obsidian and partly finished obsidian arrow-heads are found throughout the Park, usually at places where the Indians had their camps. When the cliff is illuminated by the rays of the sun, it has the appearance of a glistening mirror, and is of much interest to the tourists.

Four and one-half miles from Norris is Roaring Mountain with steam escaping through countless apertures from its rugged side. The sound of the steam struggling to escape is not so audible now as in the past, but the whole picture reminds one of the inferno about ready to blow off its cap.



OBSIDIAN CLIFF

© Haynes, St. Paul

In close proximity to the mountain are greenish, milky pools fed by rivers of sulphur water from the springs. It was not our privilege to tarry here, from the fact that the weather was uncomfortably cold, but the mountain stands out before me as one of the most interesting places to be seen on the tour.

The wind was blowing fiercely when we came to TWIN LAKES, four miles from Norris Geyser Basin, but I removed my heavy veil in order to get a better glimpse of them. They are beautiful, and although in such close proximity, their hues are entirely different.

How often two objects are found so closely allied to each other as to be inseparable, each one depending upon the other for its existence! This cannot be a freak of nature or the result of chance. The only sensible conclusion is that it was so designed by the Creator to teach a most important spiritual lesson,—that of the two works of grace, which constitute the panoply of the soul. There is no way to discard either without serious results.

There is something about clear, pure water, whether it is seen in the placid lake or the gushing, mountain torrent, that inspires and lifts a person above the toils and cares of this

life, where he is able to breathe a pure and holy atmosphere. Hence we see why, as shown in the Scriptures, Jesus so often used water to illustrate the plan of salvation. Water is the symbol of life, and in the boiling springs, the pools, the lakes, the chasms, and the great, spouting geysers, a book is written in the Yellowstone that every one should learn to read.

Our attention was next called to the FRYING PAN, a basin fifteen feet across, with numerous boiling jets in constant and violent agitation.

I regretted that circumstances were not more favorable so that I could have a longer period of time to spend at these places, where Nature is so full of life and interest.

ROARING MOUNTAIN © *Haynes, St. Paul*

CHAPTER V

NORRIS GEYSER BASIN

WHEN we arrived at NORRIS (formerly Gibbon) GEYSER BASIN, I was so cold I could scarcely use my limbs. The first attraction was a great, boiling spring at the left as we entered the basin. I immediately felt the change in the atmosphere, and soon got warm after reaching the board walk under which the boiling water was flowing, the hot steam everywhere being forced out through apertures.

Here was my first sight of the clear water geysers. The CONSTANT, with a maximum height of twenty feet, plays at intervals of from thirty to sixty seconds. The MINUTE MAN plays at intervals of from one to three minutes with a duration of about the same length of time. In this basin are also the ECHINUS, the FEARLESS, the MONARCH, with a maximum height of fifty feet, playing at intervals of twenty-five to sixty minutes, the NEW CRATER, the WHIRLIGIG, and the VAL-

ENTINE. The maximum height of the Valentine is a hundred feet and the time of eruptions varies from twenty-two to thirty hours.

The BLACK GROWLER STEAM VENT growled continually, sending forth great volumes of steam. The deposit around the crater is black in some places. The vent north of the Black Growler is called the HURRICANE. It looks much like the former, but is not so active. The BATH TUB does not erupt, but is in constant agitation. EMERALD POOL is a large lake of boiling water, green in appearance.

NEW CRATER GEYSER is surrounded by large blocks of yellow rock. In the vicinity of this geyser, in 1891, a commotion occurred, very much like an earthquake, when great volumes of water were forced out. Since then there have been only ordinary eruptions, about every three minutes. The form of the crater is such that the water is prevented from attaining any great height.

MONARCH GEYSER, near the base of the hill, is almost surrounded by beautifully colored rocks. The crater has two openings, the larger of which is twenty feet long and three feet wide. Eruptions occur without warning, and water is thrown a hundred feet high. The

NORRIS GEYSER BASIN

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intervals between eruptions are about six hours.

The FEARLESS GEYSER throws water in every direction, apparently defying those who wish to approach it. NORRIS is a new geyser, and is probably changing more rapidly than any other in the basin. One never knows what changes a season may bring forth.

The MINUTE MAN is always interesting, especially on account of its regularity. Its crater seems originally to have been merely a fissure in a rock.

A few miles from Norris Basin is ELK PARK, a valley surrounded by timbered hills. Across the river from the road is CHOCOLATE SPRING, which has built a cone of chocolate color.

MONUMENT GEYSER BASIN is on the summit of MT. SCHURZ. There is not much to justify the tourist in making the ascent, as there are only a dozen or two of crumbling geyser cones, some of which steam and rumble, while others are apparently extinct.

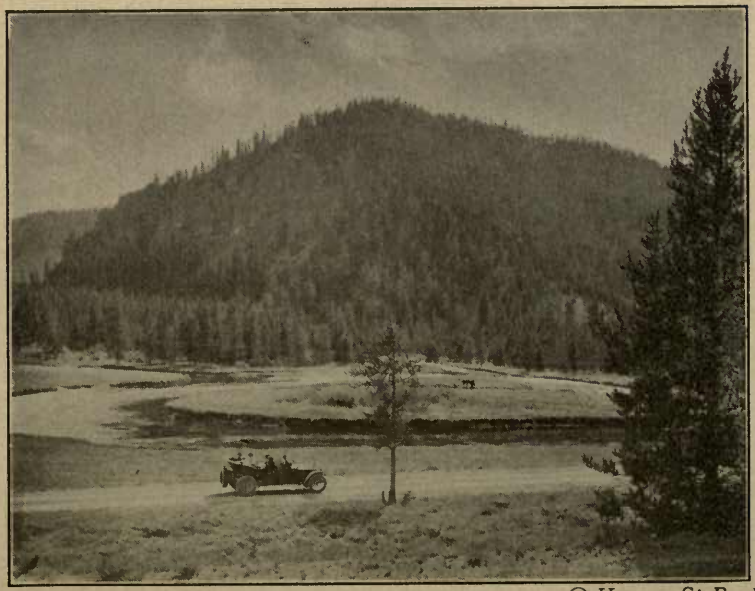
On the east side of the river we entered GIBBON CANYON, and for several miles were shadowed by towering cliffs, in some places a thousand feet high.

BERYL SPRING is the largest boiling spring

in the canyon. It is fifteen feet across, and about a mile from the entrance. While our touring car was dashing around the mountainside, suddenly we came to GIBBON FALL. Here, from a height of over eighty feet, bubbling and foaming torrents of water tumble down the steep cascades.

At NATIONAL PARK MOUNTAIN, our driver announced that we were at the confluence of the Gibbon and Firehole Rivers. It was here that the famous Washburn exploring party, in 1870, decided that the Yellowstone region should be set aside as a National Park, and from that time put forth their efforts to this end. Among the most enthusiastic were Cornelius Hedges, David E. Folsom, Lieut. Doane, and Nathaniel P. Langford. How providential it was that these unselfish, public-spirited men should have taken up the subject at that time!

I did not know that the junction of the Gibbon and Firehole Rivers was an historical place, but was so fascinated with the scenery, I felt that I should like to camp there for a week, and have an opportunity to make notes preparatory to publishing an account of my trip. To me, there was unusual attraction, and some-

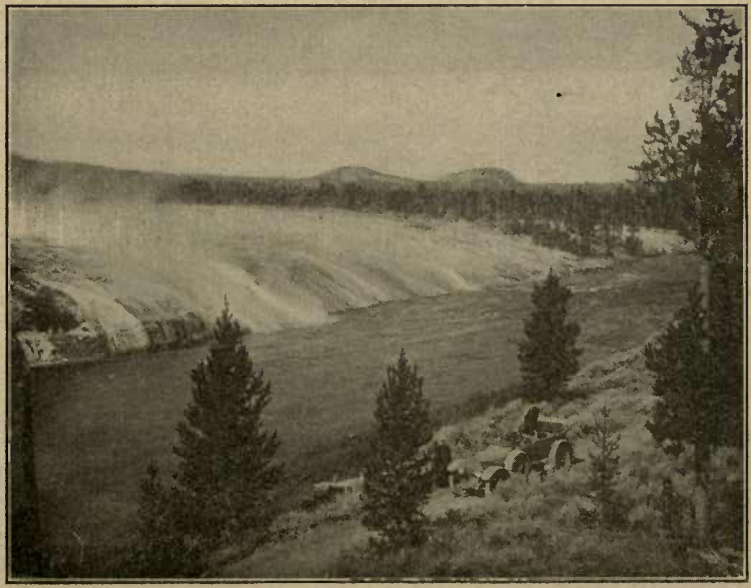


NATIONAL PARK MOUNTAIN © *Haynes, St. Paul*

thing very romantic, about the Firehole River. I had heard how it was fed by the geysers and boiling springs, and this added enchantment to its many charms. At one place I saw a great boulder in the river, from the sides of which were growing two spruce or pine trees.

At the LOWER and MIDWAY BASINS are the GREAT FOUNTAIN and EXCELSIOR GEYSERS. The Excelsior, better known as "Hell's Half Acre," ceased to play in 1888. Previous to this it was known to throw water to a height of 300 feet, the time of the eruptions varying from one to four hours. GREAT FOUNTAIN expels the water to a height of 100 feet, playing for thirty minutes, and its eruptions are from eight to twelve hours apart. At the present time Excelsior Geyser is a boiling lake, where the steam often prevents one from getting a good view of it.

The MAMMOTH PAINT POTS held my undivided interest for the limited time that I had. This is a boiling mass of mud, white at the center, and gradually developing into a beautiful pink, or flesh color toward the outer edges. The caldron of waxen mixture has a basin forty by sixty feet in size, with a rim about five feet high. The mud in the center bubbles up



"HELL'S HALF ACRE" © *Haynes, St. Paul*

continually, "plop, plop," under the pressure of heat, and cools off toward the outer edges.

David E. Folsom witnessed a display of the Great Fountain Geyser in 1869:

"The hole through which the water was discharged was ten feet in diameter, and was situated in the center of a large circular shallow basin into which the water fell. There was a stiff breeze blowing at the time, and by going to the windward side and carefully picking our way over convenient stones we were enabled to reach the edge of the hole. At that moment the escaping steam was causing the water to boil up in a fountain five or six feet high. It stopped in an instant, and commenced settling down—twenty, thirty, forty feet—until we concluded that the bottom had fallen out, but the next instant, without any warning, it came rushing up and shot into the air at least eighty feet, causing us to stampede. It continued to spout at intervals of a few moments for some time, but finally subsided."

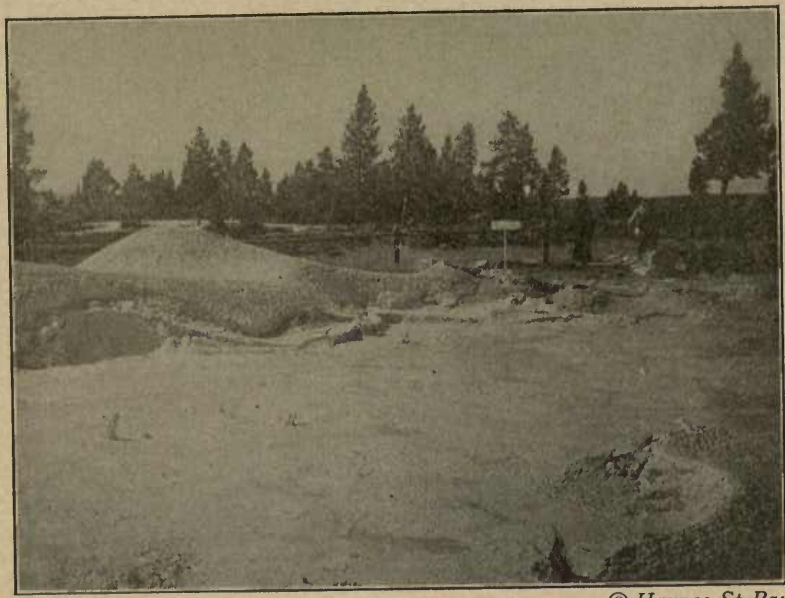
PRISMATIC LAKE fairly dazzled me with its beauty. In the center it is a deep blue, blending into green toward the edges. In the shallow portion it is yellow, blending into orange at the edges. The water sparkles and flows off in every direction over the slightly raised rim of the lake. Its beauty and delicacy of

coloring are impossible to describe. It is heated to nearly 150 degrees Fahrenheit.

Biscuit Basin and Sapphire Pool are places of much interest, also Jewel Geyser, Artemisia Geyser, etc.

Morning Glory Spring, near Riverside Bridge, presented to me an idea of what the earth will be when the curse is lifted and it is clothed in Edenic glory. It is twenty-three feet in diameter, with a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and with an apparent depth of about thirty feet.

I had not previously made a study of the Park, and never knew what was coming next, but before I reached Old Faithful Camp at the Upper Geyser Basin, I felt that I had seen enough to repay me a thousand-fold for any expense or effort that was being made in the tour of the Yellowstone, which to me was truly a world of wonders.



MAMMOTH PAINT POTS

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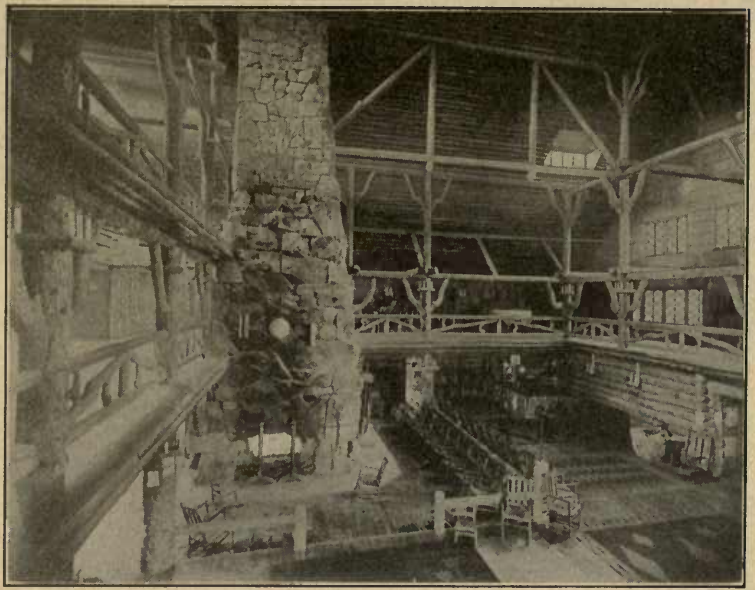
CHAPTER VI

UPPER GEYSER BASIN

IT was about noon when we reached the UPPER GEYSER BASIN, and I felt that it would be profitable to take a little rest before going any further into the mysteries of this "wonderland." OLD FAITHFUL was due to play shortly after we reached the camp, but I was too far away when it was announced she was in action to get the full benefit of the display, and went back to the camp to wait another seventy minutes. The long drive in the forenoon, and the exposure to the cold, caused me to feel weary and dull, nevertheless I made an effort to be on hand at every eruption, which to me became more and more fascinating.

OLD FAITHFUL INN accommodates 400 guests. It is constructed of boulders and logs, with peaks, angles, dormers, French windows, etc. This most restful and impressive abode of the tourists is only two or three minutes' walk from Old Faithful Geyser, and so lo-



OFFICE OLD FAITHFUL INN

© *Haynes, St. Paul*

cated as to give from its balconies a splendid view of the display.

The office-room is 75 feet square and 92 feet high, and reaches to the roof, with a massive chimney that rises to the top. The building is surrounded with beautiful grounds, furnished with rustic seats. The chimney is fourteen feet square with eight fireplaces, and balconies are built around three sides. While everything is of the rustic order, there is nothing commonplace about the hotel or its furnishings. "It is a creation of art from the foundation to the peak of the roof."

Old Faithful Geyser in the forefront of Old Faithful Inn is like a sentinel, and so named because of the regularity of its eruptions. Its crater, from which the water is expelled to a height of 150 feet, is an oblong opening, two by six feet, at the top of a mound of geyserite. Its eruptions sometimes vary a few minutes, in the meantime giving warning with two or three short spurts, increasing in volume until the maximum height is reached. The display is short, most of the water falling back into the crater, but no more fascinating or impressive scene could be found. The for-

mations around are brilliant in color, resembling the more subdued tints and hues seen at the Mammoth Hot Springs.

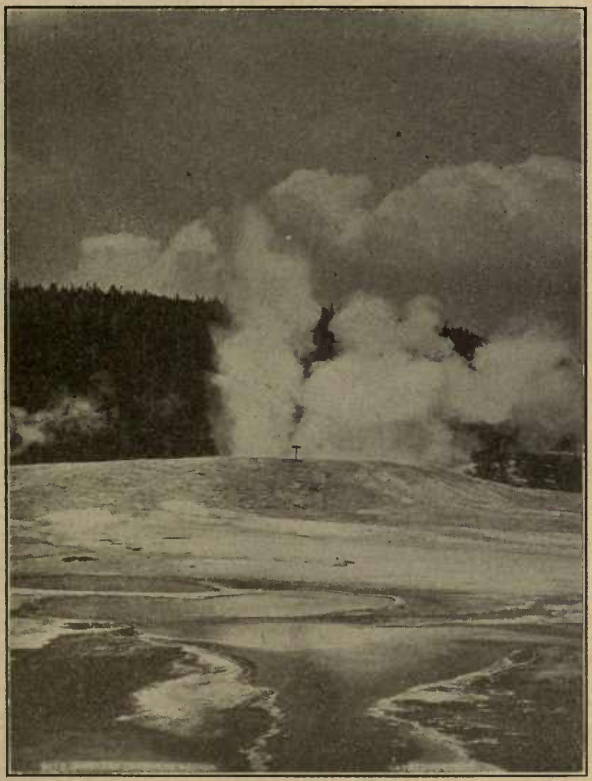
In the early part of the afternoon, a number of tourists, including my brother and sister, went with a guide to GEYSER HILL. After their return, they had much to say about what they had seen and heard. Later in the day I felt rested and wanted to make the trip, and my brother and sister went with me. They had learned all they could from the guide and were ready to name the various geysers, springs, and pools, and describe their operations to me. Of these, the Giantess, Beehive, and Sponge Geysers, were the most interesting. The GIANTESS occupies the most prominent position on the hill. Its displays attain a height of about 100 feet, and are accompanied by shocks and tremors much like earthquakes. The entire eruption lasts from twelve to twenty-four hours. The crater appears to be about thirty feet in diameter, and after each eruption a steam period ensues. In 1911, the eruptions varied from four to twelve days. Some years previous to this, the eruptions took place about once a month. It is believed that while activity, as a whole, is decreasing in

the geyser regions, a century brings only a slight change.

I stood near the crater of the Giantess during the steam period. For a moment the vapor cleared away, and I could see down the great neck of the crater into a yawning chasm, so angry and terrible, as to make me feel that I had seen with the eye what the Bible describes as the bottomless pit, where the sulphurous flames belch forth, and "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" (Mark 9:44).

If there are those who have doubts as to the reality of the lake of fire, of which Jesus told His disciples, in the 16th chapter of St. Luke, they should by all means go to the regions of the Yellowstone: for here, vividly presented to the vision, are the realities of a burning underworld, with only a thin crust between it and the habitation of human beings.

The Bible clearly teaches that hell is located in the center of this earth, and therefore it must be conceded that the ebon throne of Diabolus is somewhere in the heated regions below, the intensity of which the geysers, pools, springs, and volcanoes are continually demonstrating.



GIANTESS GEYSER IN ACTION © *Haynes, St. Paul*

Whatever may be involved in the separation of soul and body, it is nevertheless true that the immortal spirit that has not appropriated the atoning blood must dwell in the confines of the bottomless pit, which is described in the Scriptures as being in the center of this earth. Here are the flames by which Dives was tormented when he begged Abraham to send Lazarus with a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, and made an appeal for some one to go to his father's house to warn his five brothers not to come to that place of torment. Abraham had to refuse both requests, saying, "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence." Then, when he wanted some one to go to his father's house to warn his brothers, Abraham said, "They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them." But still the doomed man continued and said, "If one went unto them from the dead, they will repent," but he was told, "If

they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." How true this is! After all the influence that can be brought to bear upon people, they rebel against God and follow their own precepts; and true to fallen human nature, ask for greater evidence of His power. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. 9:17). This and other plain scriptures should be sufficient to warn men to flee the wrath to come. Optimism and presumption everywhere characterize the multitudes when it comes to this most important question concerning the future welfare of the soul.

The man who had allowed the devil to deceive him and take him at last to his abode in the regions of torment, was still presumptuous and persistent. He wanted help, which it was impossible for him to receive, and also warning given to his father's house, which they had refused to take through Moses and the prophets.

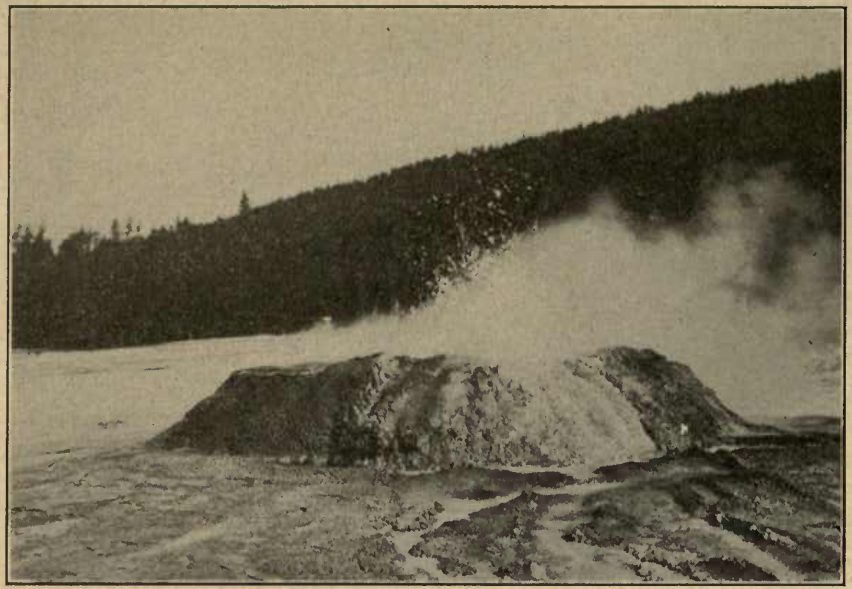
It is necessary at this period of the world's history to have an object lesson like that of the Yellowstone National Park to convince people of the infallibility of God's word. It is the

time of the fulfilment of prophecy concerning the last days, of which Paul says,

"This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, Without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, Traitors, heady, highminded, LOVERS OF PLEASURES MORE THAN LOVERS OF GOD" (2 Tim. 3:1-5).

Many pleasure seekers are now thronging Yellowstone Park, and in ten thousand demonstrations are having to face the realities of God's word and the life that is to come. I saw some of them standing near the yawning craters of the geysers under deep conviction, and no doubt silently resolving to live different lives, while others frankly stated that the depths of their beings had been disturbed, and that it was no time to trifle with the soul.

There is no such thing as shirking the responsibility, where Nature co-operates with the Almighty on such a tremendous scale in the display of His power. A person may try to stifle his conscience and refuse to yield to



THE SPONGE GEYSER

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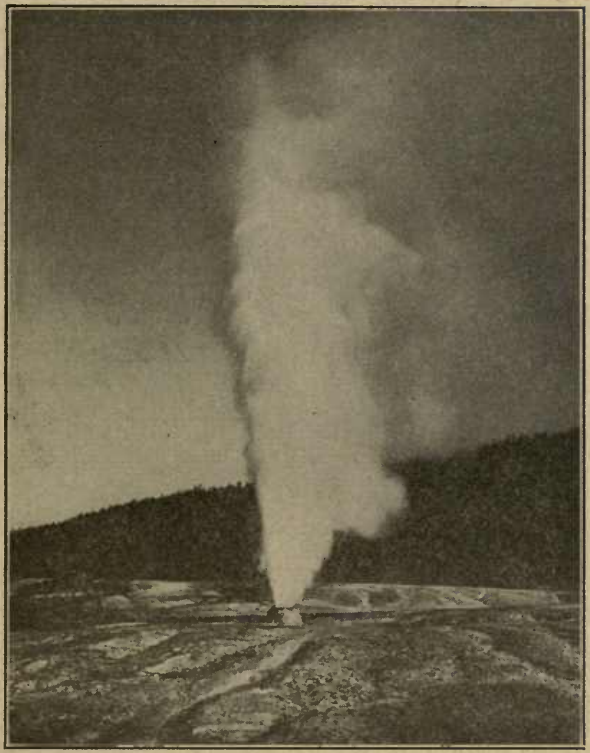
the voice that speaks from above, but he can not evade the fact that the issue must be met; and why not yield to the pressure and make the decision now? Life at best is short, and it is perilous to crowd into some future time the things that should be taken under consideration now.

The TEAKETTLE and the VAULT give warning before the Giantess erupts. The Vault plays eight feet high, twenty-four hours before the Giantess.

TOPAZ at the base of the Giantess mound is a pool of remarkable beauty. I was much interested in the PUMP near the Sponge Geyser. It is a hole eighteen inches across, out of which comes a thumping sound, resembling a hydraulic ram.

The SPONGE GEYSER has a beautiful cone of flinty formation resembling that of a sponge. Eruptions are about four feet high, occuring a minute and a quarter apart.

The BEEHIVE GEYSER has a cone four feet high and three feet across, and plays to the height of 200 feet. Its indicator, a small fissure north of the cone, foretells its eruptions. It is supposed that there is some relationship between the Beehive and the Giantess from



THE BEEHIVE GEYSER © *Haynes, St. Paul*

the fact that the Beehive plays at intervals of from eight to twelve hours after the Giantess and has been seen to play before the Giantess.

The DOUBLET POOL is near the Giantess and is marked "Dangerous." The geyser formations accumulate very slowly and the water here flows out over a thin crust.

The LION GEYSER, with the LIONESS and two CUBS, occupies a prominent place not far from the Giant. Its eruptions occur usually in series of three, about two and one-half hours apart, after which follows a quiet period of about twelve hours. The first eruption is the highest and most charming in appearance. The water is forced up fifty or sixty feet high, the eruption lasting about five minutes.

During some seasons the Lioness has not played at all. In 1903 it is said that the Lioness and both Cubs played at the same time to a large party of tourists. The larger Cub plays with the Lioness to a height of about thirty feet, the smaller one plays oftener, but only a few feet high.

CASTLE GEYSER is on a prominence opposite Geyser Hill. The mound on which it is situated covers about three acres, rising more than forty feet above the river. It has

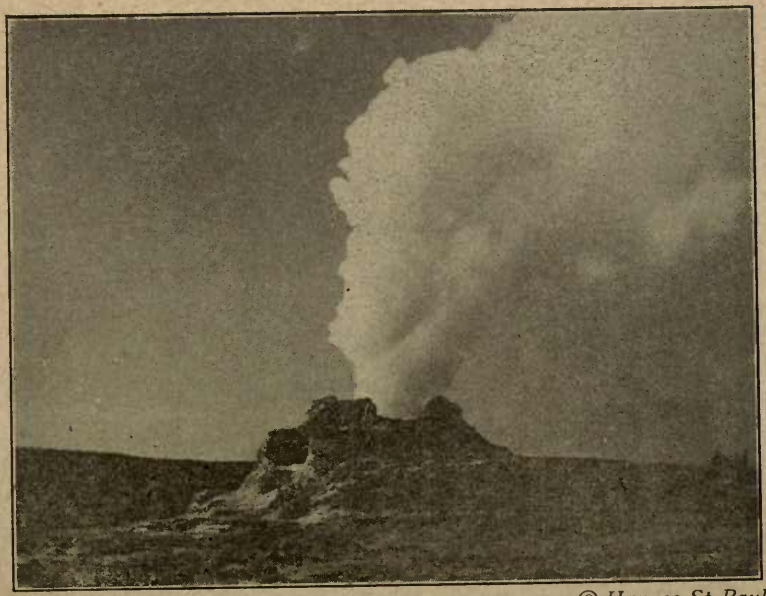
the most prominent cone in the Upper Basin, resembling an old castle. At intervals the steam escapes and throws out jets of water, though it erupts only every two days. Near Castle Geyser is CASTLE SPRING, a beautiful pool of water, highly colored.

The SAWMILL GEYSER gets its name from the peculiar noise it makes during an eruption. It plays at intervals of three or four hours and at a height of about forty feet. Its indicator is near-by; they both start together and suddenly begin to throw water in all directions.

The GRAND GEYSER discharges water in forked columns 200 feet high. It is said to play much more frequently in the spring than in the fall. This is because the water supply is greater in the mountain regions at this season.

TURBAN GEYSER is near the Grand. The early explorers believed that internal fires were seen in its crater; if so, it was caused, no doubt, by the light playing on bubbles of gas. Firehole Lake furnishes a good example of this phenomenon. The Turban Geyser plays about twenty-five feet high. Sometimes its eruptions occur with the Grand Geyser.

The ECONOMIC GEYSER gets its name



CASTLE GEYSER

© Haynes, St. Paul

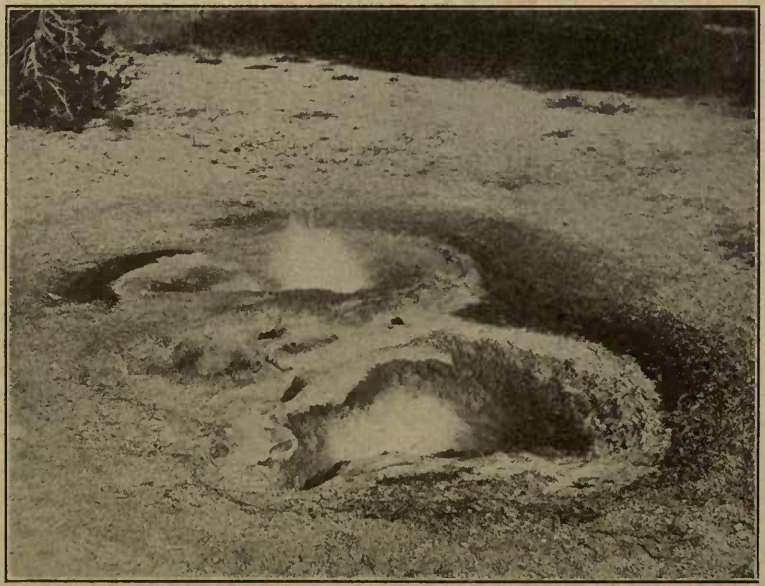
from the fact that during its eruptions nearly all the water flows back into its crater. In form it resembles Old Faithful, but plays only about fifteen feet high.

BEAUTY SPRING attracts much attention. It is a large, silent pool remarkable for its coloring. Almost every person, when approaching it for the first time, remarks about its beauty, hence, our guide said, it received its name. A rusty color predominates in various shades from the richest brown, blending into green and yellow tints.

BUTTERFLY SPRING is about four feet across and has an opening in each wing. It looks like a butterfly in both color and shape. These double springs, of which I saw a number, as heretofore stated, have a spiritual significance, illustrating the two works of grace, justification and sanctification, so clearly taught in both the Old and the New Testament.

The EAR is a most remarkable small spring. Not only is it in the shape of an ear, but its lobe seems to be pierced, and the earring is a tiny geyser. "It is here that messages are transmitted, so the story goes, to regions below."

BEACH SPRING reminded me of an oys-



BUTTERFLY SPRING © *Haynes, St. Paul*

ter, the opening in the center corresponding to the dark spot. It is surrounded by a flat, submerged beach.

After we had visited the springs and geysers on the hill, we returned to the camp to await the next number on the day's program.

CHAPTER VII

UPPER GEYSER BASIN (CONT.)

SHORTLY after dinner the news was circulated that a religious service was to be held in the office of the camp, where the guests assembled around the large fireplace. I learned from some friends that our party was expected to conduct the meeting. Later, the manager asked me to take charge of the service. She said that it would be impossible to get the people in until after 8:30 o'clock, as Old Faithful would be due to make a display about that time, and that the great searchlight from the hotel would be turned on the geyser when the water reached its maximum height. This caused much excitement among the guests, and every person sought the best position to get a view of the display.

Immediately afterward the people gathered in for the service. Song books were passed around and a lively interest was taken in the singing, in which nearly every one joined.

My brother and his wife sang a number of pieces together which greatly pleased the audience. My brother then preached a short sermon and I followed, giving them some interesting history concerning the Pillar of Fire church. This seemed to be the subject in which most of them were interested, and I was glad to be able to give them the information they desired. There is so much akin to the supernatural in the Yellowstone it made the preaching of the Gospel easy on this occasion.

The day, after having been full of interest and inspiration, closed with a message of salvation for the people, which was best of all. Many gathered around us to express their appreciation of the service.

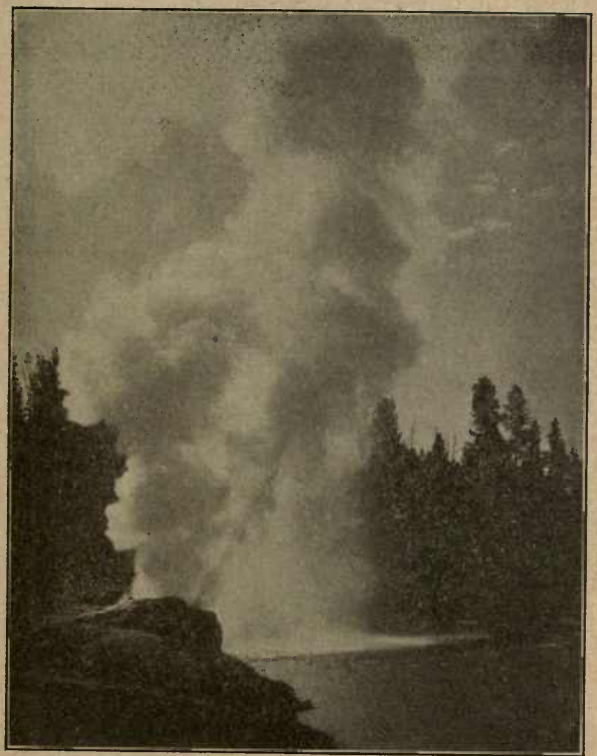
The next morning I arose refreshed and ready to finish the tour of the Upper Geyser Basin, which contains twenty-six geysers and more than four hundred hot pools and springs. A party of "hikers," with a guide, started out about nine o'clock to make the rounds before luncheon. I was not quite sure that I could keep up with them, but as many of the places are not accessible to vehicles I had to make the attempt or miss my opportunity.

The basin is drained in the center by the

Firehole River. Everywhere steaming hot springs are seen, also mounds and cones of geyserite. In this basin, within a square mile, are the grandest and mightiest geysers in the world. There are pools of scalding water whose marvelous beauty and delicacy of coloring cannot be described. Everywhere are undulations crowned with geyser cones, or hot spring vents of a grayish white appearance. In places, the earth trembles, strange rumblings are heard, and the air is heavy with sulphurous fumes. How could it be otherwise but that a person should feel that he is in close proximity to the Inferno which Dante so vividly described!

The RIVERSIDE GEYSER, on the banks of the Firehole River, plays, we were told, "Over the River" at intervals of six or seven hours. Sometimes eruptions occur more frequently for a period of several days.

GROTTO GEYSER has the most attractive formation of any geyser in the park. The Washburn party named it in 1870. Its eruptions are irregular, occurring at intervals of two to eight hours and lasting from fifteen minutes to eight hours. Sometimes the Grotto ceases and the ROCKET plays to a height of



RIVERSIDE GEYSER © *Haynes, St. Paul*

fifty feet. After it has ceased, the Grotto resumes action.

The GIANT GEYSER, south of the Grotto, is the highest in the world. We found a person near it in soldier's uniform who said he had been waiting there a week to see it play. Its maximum height is 250 feet, which is reached during the first twenty minutes of its eruption. Its cone is ten feet high with one side partly broken off. Eruptions occur every seven to twelve days.

Near the Giant are three "boiling caldrons," CATFISH, BIJOU, and MASTIFF. These are supposed to be indicators, but it is uncertain whether the eruptions of the Giant are foretold by them.

The DAISY is a very beautiful and reliable geyser, erupting every one and a half to two hours. Seventy-five feet is its maximum height.

The BONITA POOL, across the road, acts as an indicator.

The BRILLIANT is a beautiful blue hot spring and near to it is the COMET, which has built up a small cone of geyserite.

When our party reached Castle Geyser on a hill opposite the Giantess, our guide called

GIANT GEYSER © *Haynes, St. Paul*

attention to the fact that the Giantess was in action. Our time was limited, but every member of the party wanted to cross the bridge and go to Geyser Hill and get as near to its crater as possible. We did so, and it was at this time, during the steam period, when the water had receded, that I got a glimpse into its awful depths; and trembled at the yawning chasm which threatened to engulf us. It looked as if it might be connected with the place where the king of darkness dwells and his organized forces operate. We had only a few minutes to tarry, and hastened back to the vicinity of Castle Geyser to renew the journey.

I was grateful for this little diversion, which broke in on the regular program of the tour, feeling that I had been fortunate to see at least one eruption from the crater of the Giantess.

Morning-Glory Spring, or Geyser, as it is sometimes called, was to me the climax in beauty of all the springs in the geyser basins. It looked as if it might be a gem of Paradise that had survived the curse. It appears to be a mass of many-colored liquids, resembling a giant morning-glory, hence its name.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT

PROOF is often asked for statements made that hell is located in the center of the earth. John, as recorded in the 20th chapter of Revelation, said,

"And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the BOTTOMLESS PIT and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, And cast him into the BOTTOMLESS PIT, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled."

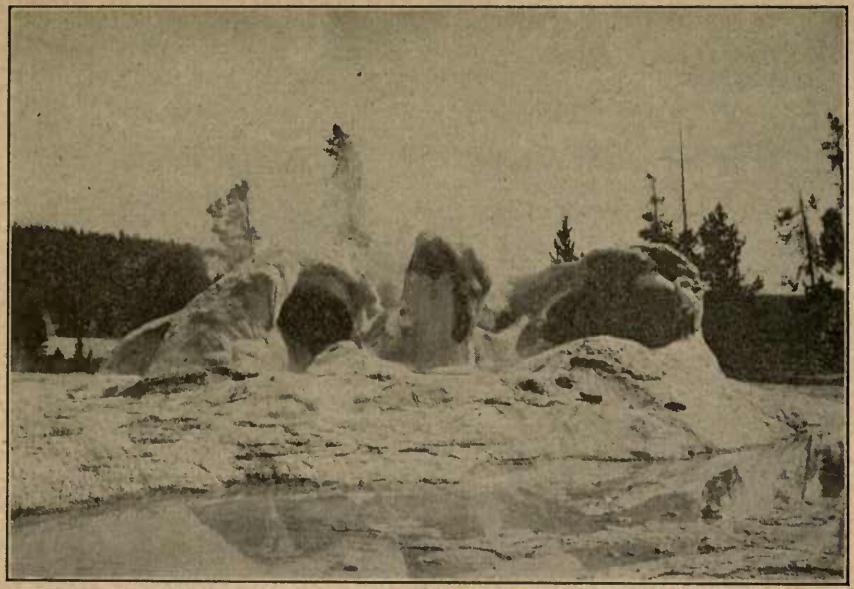
Where else could the bottomless pit be but in the center of this earth, when it is implicitly stated that the angel came down from heaven with the chain to bind Satan? Ours is the sphere for which he is contending and where he has so long deceived the nations.

Where else could the angel lock him up but on the inside of the earth?

In the 16th chapter of Numbers we have an account of Korah's company, who murmured and rebelled against the Lord, and Moses, in trying to show how great was their crime against God, said,

"If these men die the common death of all men, or if they be visited after the visitation of all men; then the Lord hath not sent me. But if the Lord make a new thing, and the earth open her mouth, and swallow them up, with all that appertain unto them, and they go down quick into the PIT; then ye shall understand that these men have provoked the Lord.

"And it came to pass, as he had made an end of speaking all these words, that the ground clave asunder that was under them. And the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all the men that appertained unto Korah, and all their goods. They, and all that appertained to them, went down alive into the PIT, and the earth closed upon them: and they perished from among the congregation. And all Israel that were round about them fled at the cry of them: for



GROTTO GEYSER

© *Haynes, St. Paul*

they said, Lest the earth swallow us up also."

In the first chapter of Job, we have an account of a controversy between the Lord and Satan. And the Lord said unto Satan,

"Whence comest thou?"

Then Satan answered, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

The Lord asked Satan if he had considered His servant Job, a perfect and an upright man, one who "feareth God, and escheweth evil."

Satan, unwilling to admit Job's loyalty to God, said,

"Hast not thou made an hedge about him, ... on every side? thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face."

The Lord took the challenge, and said,

"Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand."

It follows that calamity fell upon Job's household, and he lost his sons and his daughters and all that he had. And again Satan presented himself before the Lord, after he had lost in the battle with Job, who main-

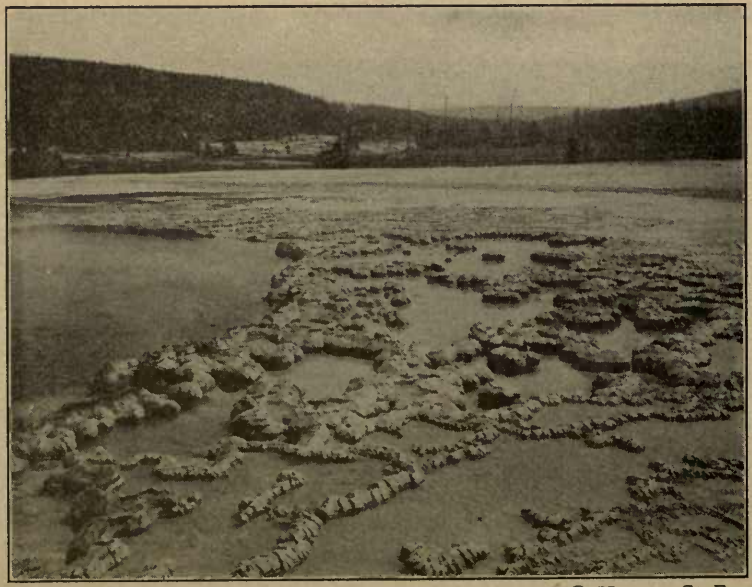
tained his integrity through his afflictions, and sinned not nor charged God foolishly.

The second time the Lord said unto Satan, "Whence comest thou?"

And again the answer was, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it."

Here is an admission from Satan himself which proves without a doubt where he dwells; and it is here that the mighty angel will capture him and bind him with a great chain and lock him up in the center of this earth for a thousand years. It is comforting to know that Job won in the second battle, after Satan had afflicted him with boils from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, and so will Satan be defeated at the closing up of this age, when judgments shall fall upon the wicked, as upon Korah's company, and great demonstrations of God's power be seen and felt.

Jude speaks of the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitations (that is, came down to earth) whom God "hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." He also makes mention of the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, suffering the vengeance of



SAPPHIRE POOL—BISCUIT BASIN © *Haynes, St. Paul*

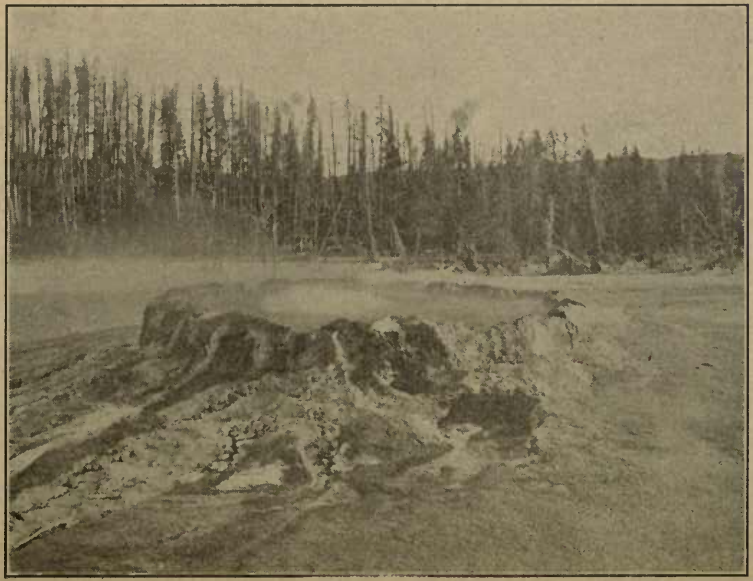
eternal fire. These are but a few of the instances mentioned in the Scriptures showing the location of hell, which is the abode of the wicked, and where Diabolus has his throne.

The impression that was made on the explorers of the Yellowstone regions is indicated by certain names that were given to some places, such as "Devil's Kitchen," "Devil's Frying Pan," "Black Growler," "Hell Broth Springs," "Devil's Hoof," "Devil's Inkwell," "Hell's Half Acre," etc.

That the suggestion of these things should be a mere freak, or fancy of the mind is out of the question, when there is so much scriptural proof to the contrary.

Man has been created in the image of God, and a little lower than the angels (Heb. 2:-7). There is a voice that speaks to the soul when all others are hushed. Intuitively he knows that punishment awaits the wicked, however much he may try to stifle his conscience and evade the issue.

The only way to escape the wrath that is to come, is through the atoning blood, the efficacy of which is proved when conditions are met. "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9:22).



PUNCH BOWL

© Haynes, St. Paul

The PUNCH BOWL is situated in a narrow divide in the valley. Its rim is ornamented with yellow, saffron, and red. It is one of the gems of beauty in the upper basin, and is so located as to revive the spirits of those who, starting out on foot from the Upper Basin Camp and Old Faithful Inn, have grown weary in making the tour. When our guide called it out, I felt that I could go no farther without resting, but after tarrying a few minutes, and admiring its beauty, I was refreshed. I was, perhaps, the only one in the company who was overtaxed physically, and had to trust to the good will of the guide not to leave me too far behind. He kindly took notice, and halted, giving everybody a few minutes to rest, while he explained the scientific action of the geysers.

These beautiful springs in remote places reminded me of the gems of salvation that are obtained only through sacrifice and suffering. There is always a price to be paid for anything that is of worth. It cost me something to visit some of them on foot, but I was well paid. After leaving the Punch Bowl we followed the trail down across the bridge where a number of surprises awaited us. The HANDKERCHIEF POOL, which is sometimes

HANDKERCHIEF POOL © *Haynes, St. Paul*

called the LAUNDRY, was among them. We threw our handkerchiefs in and they were carried down into the opening, and then brought back and delivered, as carefully as if they were being handled by unseen hands.

EMERALD POOL is not far from the Handkerchief Spring, and is by far the most beautiful in the upper basin. It thrilled me as I looked at it from different angles, blending from a deep green in the center to yellow toward the edge. The formations around the pool are red, the water is hot, but never boils, and slightly overflows.

CLIFF SPRING boils violently. Some people call it a geyser, but it is supposed to be only a spring.

BLACK SAND SPRING and SPECIMEN LAKE simply defy language in trying to describe them, the coloring presents such remarkable varieties. The extremely delicate pinks are mingled with equally delicate tints of saffron and yellow, with here and there shades of green.

While the springs in this neighborhood are fascinating in the extreme, we did not tarry long, as it was nearly noon, and our guide said we would have to hasten.

When the party started toward Old Faith-

ful Inn and the camp, I decided to take my time and go alone. I had gone only a short distance through the wood when a harmless snake crossed my path. It frightened me, and I tried to kill it, but did not succeed. There was a significance to me in running on to the reptile; it settled something in my mind, whereas I had not as yet been able to come to a decision; and I took it as being among the all things that work together for good to them that love God and who are the called according to His purpose.

On my way to the camp, I came to three boiling pools, and was surprised that no mention had been made of them on the tour. Later, I learned that they were the THREE SISTERS, not far from Castle Geyser on the road leading from Riverside Geyser, to Old Faithful Inn.

I stopped at Haynes' Picture Shop. Here I saw some marvelous specimens of art, showing the wonders of the Yellowstone, but none, of course, could do justice to what I had seen.

To finish up the tour it would take another day, but our time was limited, and as we had spent a day at Cody and the weather was getting cool, we decided to leave in the afternoon.

EMERALD POOL © *Haynes, St. Paul*

Among some of the attractions that we would have to miss in not finishing the tour to Yellowstone Lake, were Kepler Cascade, Two Ocean Pond, Moose Fall, and the Continental Divide which extends from Canada to Mexico.

At the THUMB there are several geyser cones, springs, and paint pots. The FISHING CONE with a boiling spring in the center, is surrounded by the cold water of the lake. At one time fishermen, without moving out of their tracks caught fish from the lake and swung them into the spring where they were cooked while still on the hook. This practice, however, is now prohibited by law.

CHAPTER IX

THE VOICE OF GOD

THIRTY-FOUR years ago, while teaching school, I had an opportunity of going to Yellowstone National Park with a camping party of school teachers and others from Southern Montana, but as I needed money, I decided to teach a summer school and to postpone the trip until some future time. When the party returned and tried to tell me about the many wonders they had seen, I resolved not to lose another opportunity to go, but I did, and for the same reason that kept me from going before. After this I was not so enthusiastic over the Yellowstone and the many miracles to be seen there.

However, I was always interested in some of the descriptions of the geysers,—Old Faithful, the Giant, Giantess, and others, that threw boiling water, at intervals, from 150 to 250 feet into the air. In Gospel messages I used them to illustrate spiritual truths, but no one had ever given me the slightest conception of the

Grand Canyon, the Upper and Lower Yellowstone Falls, the boiling pools, the paint pots, the cascades, Mammoth Hot Springs, the exquisite colorings of the mineral formations, Roaring Mountain, "Hell's Half Acre," the majestic mountain peaks and ranges, Rainbow Lake, the Punch Bowl, Amethyst Spring, and a thousand other things which so awed and inspired me that out of the depths of my being, I exclaimed, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet."

But how unworthy has he proved to be! Amidst the magnificence and grandeur of the wonders of Nature, he is ever showing his ingratitude, and the tendency to prostitute these things to the uses of his baser nature, and take all the glory to himself. He makes use of the gold and silver to build himself a habitation that storms are destined to shatter, leaving him exposed to divine wrath.

As I meditated upon these things, my heart cried out, "Who shall ascend into

JUPITER TERRACE

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the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; . . . . He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation" (Ps. 24: 3-5). My heart overflowed like the boiling springs and the gushing geysers, which symbolize the sanctified life.

When I first had opportunity to go to Yellowstone Park, I did not enjoy the experience of sanctification, and therefore could not have appreciated its many wonders as I do now. Who knows but this is the reason why the door closed and did not open for me to go until I should be in the enjoyment of this experience, and able to impart spiritual truths to others?

There is an inner chamber of the soul that corresponds to the hill of the Lord. It is the place where the Shekinah dwells and His secrets are made manifest. Those who know Him in the relationship of the Bride can better appreciate His handiwork. Submission to the whole will of God is the price of such an experience.

There are those who appreciate the grandeur and magnificence of the Yellowstone as a whole, but there are thousands of spiritual

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lessons which the book of nature unfolds that the ordinary sightseer fails to grasp.

At one place, there are two openings in a pool, or two springs so close together that they are called THE GOGGLES. Here again the two works of grace are beautifully set forth. Our guide illustrated some love affair by the two springs to the amusement of the young people in the company, but inadvertently my mind turned to the deeper spiritual truths of which they furnish a splendid example.

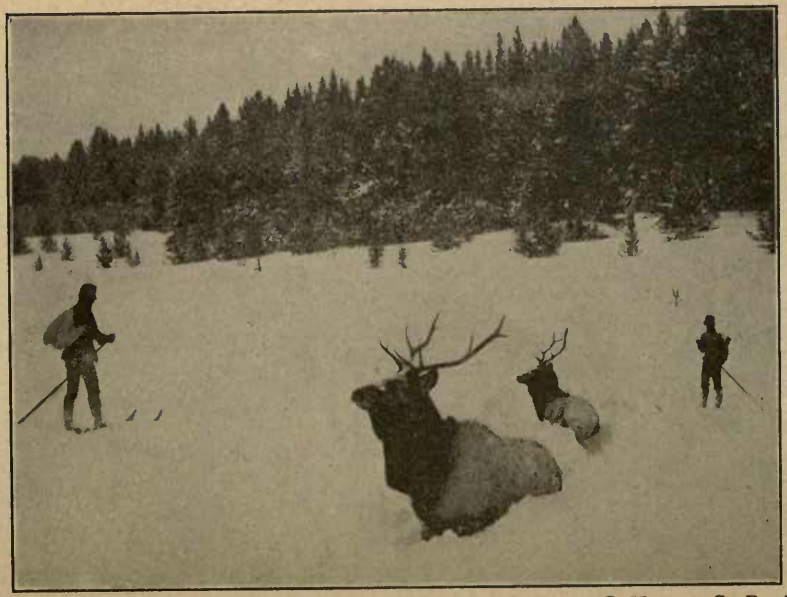
It takes the Holy Spirit to read God in nature as much as it does to interpret His word. Jesus said, "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Also, "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; . . . . and he will shew you things to come" (John 16: 13).

The two springs, to me, represented Justification and Sanctification,—the two works of grace in the atonement, without which the soul is exposed to the wrath of God. It is the office work of the Holy Spirit to reveal Jesus to the heart and to act in the capacity of the

Comforter, but when He takes possession He cleanses and purifies His temple. This is done when the heart is sanctified wholly. It is thenceforth the abiding place of the Holy Spirit.

I could not help but think of what it shall be when the earth shall be rent, the mountains removed from their places, and men shall cry for the rocks and hills to fall upon them to hide them from the presence of Him that sitteth on the throne. There is no fear where the Holy Spirit is the abiding Guest. The rocks may rend and the earth be removed out of its place, but peace will flow like a river.

Those who are so fortunate as to see the wonders of the Yellowstone will either soften or harden as the result of coming in touch with that which is so closely allied to the supernatural. It is like the melting influence of the Holy Spirit under a Gospel message when men are compelled to make their decision for eternity. God forbid that they should harden. If so, what could awaken them to their danger? The great war that has so recently terminated, bringing so much suffering and sacrifice, has made people better or worse. It has been a



ELK STALLED IN SNOW

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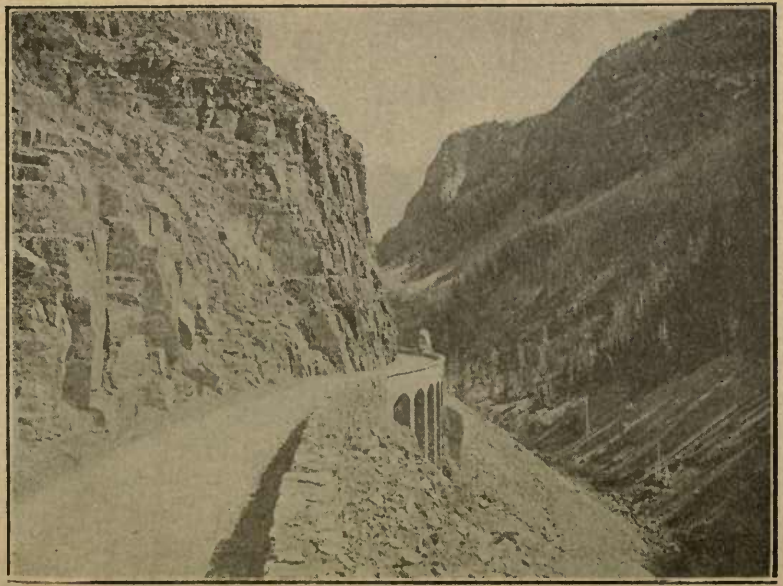
blessing or a curse, and so will the geyser region be to those who visit it.

Should there be those who pass by the wonders of the Yellowstone with cold indifference and a lack of response to what is seen there, it is proof that the world has already played havoc with their finer sensibilities, and as a result of this hardening process the mind and heart refuse to yield when brought under the strongest moral and spiritual influences. May God save people from such a calamity,—from becoming clay that is irresponsive to the divine touch. May they learn to magnify His name while suspended by the brittle thread of life over a yawning chasm of burning lava which is threatening to engulf them. Should man not be prepared for the great event that must come to everyone, there will be no one to blame but himself. God has made him a free moral agent, capable of choosing between right and wrong. If he should make the wrong decision, he will have to abide by the consequences.

How many tourists will see the spring called the Ear and yet fail to hear the voice of God speaking to the soul through its many beauties! How many fail to hear Him speak-



GOLDEN GATE CANYON AND VIADUCT

ing through the great subterranean channels hundreds of feet below the surface, thundering the terrors of a broken law and heralding the news of His impending judgments!

A great author said, "O woman, thy name is frailty." The many short-comings of the gentler sex provoked this expression, but does not the word frailty equally apply to every individual on whom the curse has fallen? There is ever a downward tendency and a proneness to place the affections on material things, to worship the creature rather than the Creator.

It is with much difficulty that tourists in the Yellowstone are prevented from defacing the formations around the geysers, which have been centuries in making. There are those who would pay almost any price to be permitted to carry away souvenirs, but if they were allowed to do so one can readily see what the consequence would be. Of what use are pieces of geyserite when taken away from their natural environment? It would be impossible to form an opinion as to what they represent. Likewise there are those who are satisfied with mere forms of religion,—baptism, church membership, or any substitute for real salvation. What knowledge would a piece of gey-

serite give a person of Old Faithful, the Giant, or the Giantess, in action?

Baptism with water is an outward sign of an inner work, but there are multitudes who are satisfied with the souvenir and go blindly on to the Judgment to find their mistake when it is too late to make amends. There can be no excuse on account of ignorance, for the Scriptures furnish abundant evidence that there must be a work wrought by the Holy Spirit in the heart before a person is ready for the skies.

There is no better illustration of the sanctified experience than that which the geysers demonstrate. Jesus said to the woman at the well, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

So with one who obtains the living water,—he has an inexhaustible supply, springing up in his soul. Outward conditions do not affect the deep whence it has its source, but it flows on regardless of conditions on the surface, bringing life and happiness to multitudes.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, we boarded one of the touring cars to Yellowstone,

Montana, the Western Entrance to the Park, where there is a branch terminal of the Union Pacific Railroad. A little more than four days had elapsed since we started on the tour at Cody, Wyoming, but to me it was the beginning of a new epoch, and I felt that enough had been crowded into the four days to talk and write about for the rest of my life. I had stocked up my storehouse with a supply of illustrations to be used in books and Gospel exhortations; and not only expected to profit by what I had seen, but to do what I could to make an impression upon others; and the result so far has been satisfactory.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK AND HOW IT WAS NAMED

The Devil was sitting in Hades one day,
In a very disconsolate sort of a way.
One could tell from his vigorous switching of tail,
His scratching his horn with the point of his nail,
That something had gone with His Majesty wrong,
The steam was so thick and the sulphur so strong.
He rose from his throne with a gleam in his eye,
And beckoning an agate-eyed imp standing by,
Commanded forthwith to be sent to him there
Old Charon, employed in collecting the fare
Of the wicked, who crossed the waters of Styx,
And found themselves soon in a deuce of a fix.

Old Charon, thus summoned, came soon to his chief,
As the Devil was angry, the confab was brief.
Says the Devil to Charon, "Now, what shall I do?
The world it grows worse and grows wickeder, too;
What with Portland, Chicago, Francisco, New York,
I get in my mortals too fast for my fork;
I haven't the room in these caverns below,
St. Peter, above, is rejecting them so.
So hie you, my Charon, to earth, far away,
Fly over the globe without any delay,
And find me a spot, quite secluded and drear,
Where I can drill holes from the center in here.
I must blast out more space; so survey the spot well,
For the project on hand is the enlargement of Hell.

"But recollect one thing, Old Charon, when you
Can locate the district where I can bore through,
There must be conveniences scattered around
To carry on business when I'm above ground.
An 'ink-pot' must always be ready at hand
To write out the names of the parties I strand.

There must be a 'punch-bowl,' a 'frying pan,' too,
A 'caldron' in which to concoct a 'ragout.'
An 'old faithful' sentinel showing my power,
Must shoot a salute on the earth every hour,
And should any mortal by accident view
The spot you have chosen, why, this you must do:
Develop a series of pools, green and blue,
That while these poor earth bugs may beauties admire,
They'll forget that below I'm poking the fire.
Now fly away, Charon, be quick as you can,
For my place here's so full that I can't roast a man."

To earth flew fleet Charon, to regions of ice;
He found these too cold—so away in a trice
He sought a location in Africa's sands,
He prospected, and finding too much on his hands,
He cut out Australia, Siberia, too,
The north part of China—no! they would not do;
Till, just as about to relinquish the chase,
He stumbled upon a most singular place,
'Twas deep in the midst of a mountainous range,
Surrounded by valleys secluded and strange,
In a country the greatest, the grandest, the best
To be found upon earth—America's West.
Here the crust seemed quite thin, and the purified air,
With the chemicals hidden around everywhere,
Would soon make the lakes that the Devil desired;
So he flew to Chicago, and there to him wired:
"I've found you a place never looked at before;
You may heat up the rocks, turn on water, and bore."

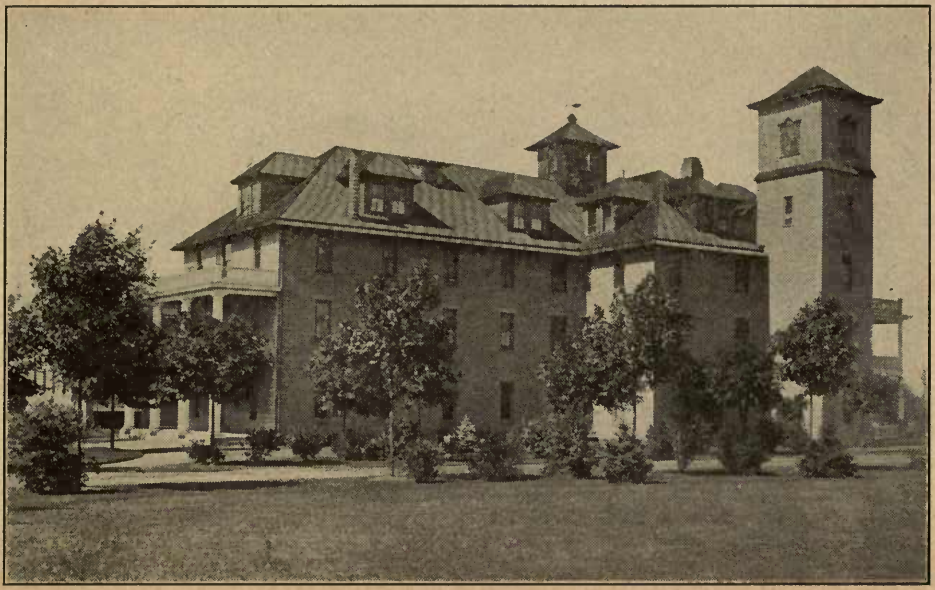
Then the Devil with mortals kept plying the fire,
Extracting the water around from the mire,
And boring great holes with a terrible dust,
Till soon quite a number appeared near the crust,
Then he turned on the steam—and lo! upward did fly,
Through rents in the surface, the rocks to the sky.

Then with a rumble there came from each spot,
Huge volumes of water remarkably hot,
That had been there in caverns since Lucifer fell—
Thus immensely enlarging the confines of Hell,
And it happens that now when Old Charon brings in
A remarkable load of original sin,
That His Majesty quietly rakes up the coals,
And up spouts the water, in jets, through the holes,
One may tell by the number of spurts when they come,
How many poor mortals the Devil takes home.

But Yankees can sometimes, without doing evil,
O'ermatch in sagacity even the Devil.
For not long ago Uncle Sam came that way
And said to himself, "Here's the Devil to pay.
Successful I've been in all previous wars;
Now Satan shall bow to the Stripes and the Stars.
This property's mine, and I hold it in fee;
And all of this earth shall its majesty see.
The deer and the elk unmolested shall roam,
The bear and the buffalo each have a home;
The eagle shall spring from her eyrie and soar
O'er crags in the canyons where cataracts roar;
The wild fowls shall circle the pools in their flight,
The geysers shall flash in the moonbeams at night,
Now I christen the country—let all nations hark!
I name it the Yellowstone National Park."

—Wm. Tod Helmuth.

(Reprinted from Haynes' Guide of Yellowstone National Park).



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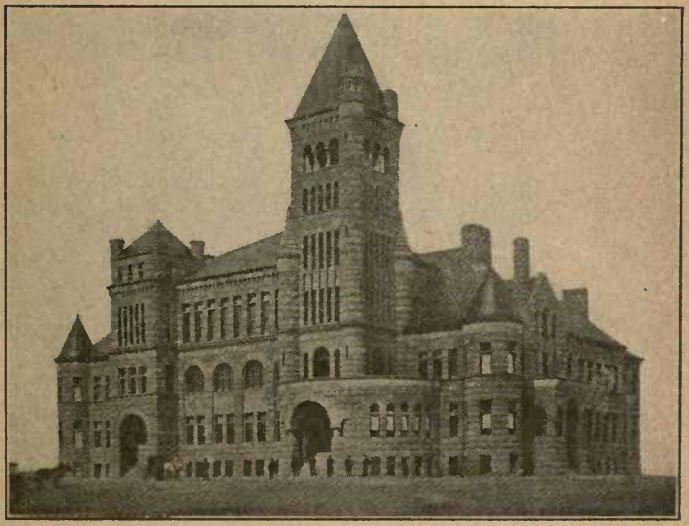

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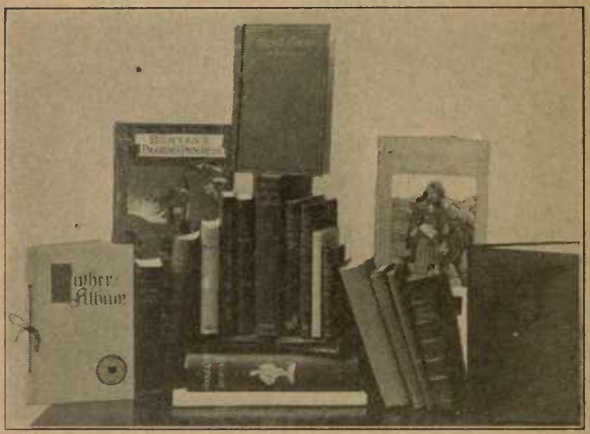

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